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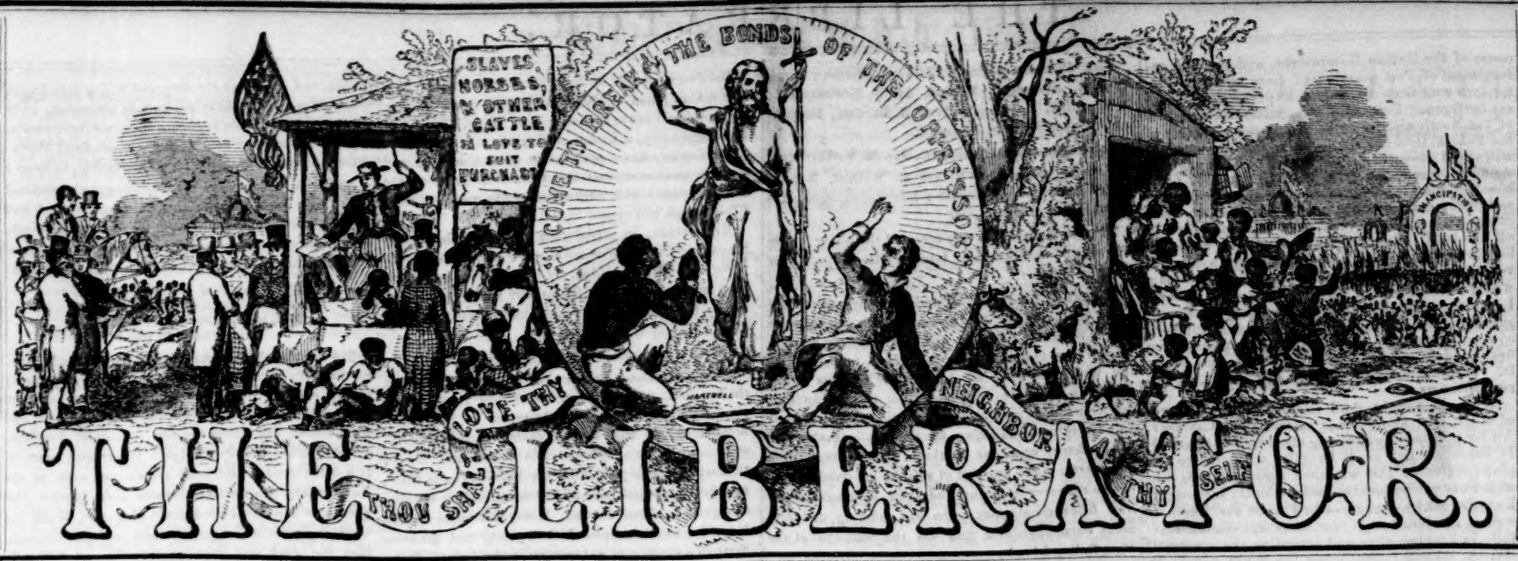
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOVE TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSOR
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

No Union with Slaveholders!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandize, under the name of persons . . . . . in fact, the oppressor representing the oppressed! . . . To call government thus constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress; and thereby to make the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the national government.'—*John Quincy Adams.*

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, July 21st.

THE CASTIGATION OF SUMNER.

Whatever differences of opinion may prevail upon other points, all will agree that Mr. Brooks, by his castigation of Sumner, has given to the public, North and South, a spell of very intense excitement. Newspapers and orators have revelled their genius at the theme, while fanaticism has mingled its 'shrieks for freedom' with the pitiable bleatings of poor Sumner. The whole affair has been most opportune. In the first place, Mr. Brooks has acquired, throughout the State and South, a wider popularity than speeches and votes in Congress could ever have given him. He has, from the first, conducted himself with good taste, good judgment, and good spirit. His letter to the Senate, his speech in Court, and, finally, his effort in the House, have all been characterized by these qualities. He will be received by his constituency with open arms, and sent in triumph back, to confront, and, if need, we trust, to punish, the encouragers and calumniators of his State and the South.

In the next place, it has contributed greatly to the union of Southern men in Congress. We do not remember any act which has been so generally and heartily approved, from Maryland to Texas, as Mr. Sumner's castigation; and unanimity of sentiment in the people has reacted upon their representatives in Washington. On the other hand, the furious denunciations in every quarter of the North have developed the same feeling of unanimity among Northern representatives; and the result is, that the lines of sectionalism have been drawn deeper than ever before, to the disgust of party hacks, and the satisfaction of true men in the South. *We rejoice at any event which makes common cause at the South, and foreshadows her destiny as a separate and independent people.*

It has also contributed to a more complete vindication of *the Revolutionary fame and history (!!)* of South Carolina than was ever before made in Congress. The discussion has not only exposed the false assumptions of the North, of superiority during the Revolution, but convicted them, by every kind of testimony, even that of George Washington himself, of supineness, cupidity and cowardice. It has shown that Sumner, and Wood and Comins, and Burlingame, are not the degenerate sons of noble sires, but the true and lineal descendants of the braggarts and cowards of the Revolution.

The speeches of Messrs. Butler and Evans, and, finally, the complete and conclusive speech of Mr. Keitt—the conclusion of which we shall publish to-morrow—condemn, for the perusal of the North, facts which put to shame their impudent assumptions.

Mr. Sumner, and his champions in he House Messrs. Pennington, Burlingame, Comins and Wadsworth, will cherish no very pleasant memories of the affair. The former is dead in the esteem of every man not a poltroon, North and South. He has been personally branded, morally disgraced, and politically exposed, as a wilful falsifier of truth in the Senate. We cannot believe that any amount of fanatical sympathy or party clap-trap can save such a man from the living death of infamy and detestation which he so well merits. Wherever manhood is prized and truth admired, the name of Charles Sumner will descend upon the lips of men, from father to son, as the perfect synonym of cowardice and baseness. May such be the end of every calumniator of South Carolina!

And what of Sumner's champions, those valorous knights, who pranced so gallantly on the plain, and, like the army in Flanders, 'swore terribly'? At the sound of the trumpet, they dashed into the ring, and, at the appearance of the foe, dashed out again. Like their great prototype in the Senate, their courage exhausted itself in empty blustering, and, like him, they have been branded with the mark of infamy. Fit champions of New England fanticism! Fit slanderers of South Carolina! Whither had fled the spirit of Bunker's Hill, upon the shadow of which all New England had been living for three-quarters of a century, that among all the rampant representatives there could not be found one to redeem it from dishonor!

'BUCHANAN ON SLAVERY—A RECORD WITHOUT A BLEMISH.'

The above expressive heading is placed by the Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* over a four-column article, written to prove Mr. Buchanan's complete subserviency to the Slave Power. It closes with the following summary of his Congressional and official labors, to 'strengthen and uphold slavery':

1. In 1836, Mr. Buchanan supported a bill to prohibit the circulation of abolition papers through the mail.
2. In the same year, he proposed and voted for the admission of Arkansas.
3. In 1836-7, he denounced and voted to reject petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.
4. In 1837, he voted for Mr. Calhoun's famous resolution, defining the rights of the States and the limits of Federal authority, and affirming it to be the duty of the Government to protect and uphold the institutions of the South.
5. In 1838 and '40, he invariably voted with Southern Senators against the consideration of anti-slavery petitions.
6. In 1844-5, he advocated and voted for the annexation of Texas.
7. In 1847, he sustained the Clayton Compromise.
8. In 1850, he proposed and urged the extension of the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific Ocean.
9. But he promptly acquiesced in the Compromise of '50, and employed all his influence in favor of the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.
10. In 1854, he remonstrated against an enactment of the Pennsylvania Legislature for obstructing the arrest and return of fugitive slaves.
11. In 1854, he negotiated for the acquisition of Cuba.
12. In 1856, he approves the repeal of the Missouri restriction, and supports the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act.
13. He never gave a vote against the interests of slavery, and never uttered a word which could pain the most sensitive Southern heart.

'KILLED TWO OF THE DOGS.'

So says one of Buford's robbers, in a letter to one of his friends in Montgomery, Alabama. We copy from the Alabama *Journal* as follows:

We give the following extract from a letter received by one of our compositors from a relative who went out to Kansas with Major Buford's company:

'Four miles South of Kansas City, (Mo.)
June 22, 1856.

I have been through the 'wars' in Kansas Territory, and am now perfectly tired out. I have been in one battle and several skirmishes, without receiving any personal injury, except a slight bruise received from my horse falling on me when he was killed from under; but I received three bullet holes through my hat, and had a 'tub full' of Sharp's balls to whiz around me. I have KILLED TWO OF THE 'DOGS,' and Cosgrove one.

The United States troops will not permit us to enter the Territory armed any more, and hence Othello's occupation's gone. I am coming South just as soon as I can make a 'raise.'

Buford's expedition is unfortunate. His men are scattered all along the frontier, trying to make money enough to 'carry them back to old Virginia.'

This is undoubtedly the finest country in the world, without any exception; and if some of our wealthy slaveholders were to visit it once, they would emigrate with all their household.

The South ought to send 20,000 men here this fall, well armed and provisioned. If she don't begin to 'stir her stumps,' Kansas will be a free State, sure.'

SELECTIONS.

THE ASSAULT UPON CHARLES SUMNER.

Extract from an earnest and eloquent Oration, delivered July 4th, 1856, at Jamestown, Chautauque Co., N. Y., by Samuel J. May, of Syracuse:—

Mr. Sumner is a gentleman of irreproachable character—pure in all his personal habits, given to none of the vices to which it is notorious so many members of Congress addict themselves. Always at his post, during the few hours each day that the Senate devotes to business; and at other times engaged in such studies as increase continually his qualifications for his high office, he wastes neither his own time, nor the time of the Commonwealth he represents, in the frivolities of fashion, much less in the debaucheries, which, I am grieved to say, abound at our Capital. Mr. Sumner is a man of imposing presence, of noble bearing, of high intellectual powers and scholarly attainments—rich in his varied stores of classical, historical, and poetic, as well as legal lore. He is a man of cordial manners, generous impulses, kindly feelings, a pacific spirit, and withal of commanding eloquence. Yet all these accomplishments and graces avail nothing in the estimation of the Southern Chivalry, because he is opposed to slavery.—Nay, his many excellencies make him all the more the object of their hate, because they empower him all the more to do valiant deeds, in conflicting for the right. So from the very first time that he intimated his dislike of their peculiar institution, the slaveholders, particularly Mr. Butler, Mason, and Toombs, have continually annoyed, insulted, and threatened him.

I was present in the Senate Chamber on the 13th of May, and heard the concluding part of Mr. Cass's speech. At the close of it, Mr. Sumner announced his intention to address the Senate, in answer to the gentleman, who had just then taken his seat, and to several others, who had spoke upon the same side of the Kansas question. Intimations of displeasure were plainly given, and taunts were thrown at him, which he parried with dignity and good humor. My engagements elsewhere did not allow me to tarry in Washington until the 19th and 20th to hear his speech. You all, I trust, have read it. If any have not, let them not presume, from the treatment he has since received, to suppose that there is a sentence or word in it, that could justify (if any thing could justify) or reasonably provoke that treatment. 'It was,' I use the words of another who is not easily satisfied—'It was perfect in its conception, arrangement, and execution; conclusive in its argument and evidence; masterly in its exposure of executive usurpation; sublime in its moral heroism; invincible in its truthfulness; just in its personal impeachment; unsurpassed in its eloquence; and glorious in its object.'

That there were no violations of propriety in all that long speech of five hours' continuance, no breaches of the decorum of debate, we are assured *on the unanimous testimony of the august body itself, to whom it was addressed.* For not once was he checked by the President, or called to order by either of the Senators. Eager as they were to catch him in his words, ready as they were to take offence, he gave them no pretext for stopping him. Wounded to the quick, those enemies of all righteousness—the champions of slaveholders—undoubtedly often were by what he said; harrowed to the bottom of their souls by his terrible rebukes, we must suppose they were; ground to powder, they must at times have felt themselves and their speeches to be, by the huge pile of facts and the weight of arguments, that he heaped upon them; yet not one of them found an occasion for calling him to order. With all their itching ears, they heard not a word that would warrant their appeal to the President for protection from the *burning lava of truth* that Mr. Sumner was pouring upon them. Let then the servile creatures of the slaveholding oligarchy say what they will of the provocation Mr. Sumner gave for the assault that was made upon his life, they are estopped in their attempt to justify or palliate that assault, by the fact that *no member of the Senate* found an occasion, during the delivery of that speech, even to call him to order.

Two days afterwards, when the Senate had adjourned, and all the members who were friendly to him had left the hall, Mr. Sumner was sitting at his desk, intently engaged in writing. He was closely confined by the desk, over which he was bending, and the strong arms of the chair in which he was seated. There, alone, unarmed—for northern *gentlemen* do not carry arms—unprotected by the presence of any who were disposed or were near enough to shield him; wholly off his guard, not suspecting there could be any man about him *so mean, so brutal, so cowardly*, as to attack him there; thus the Massachusetts Senator was sitting in the place, which, of all places in our country ought to be held sacred to liberty of speech—the very inner temple as it should be of our freedom—thus he sat, when a ruffian, a border ruffian he deserves to be called, though his home is in South Carolina,—a border ruffian he certainly is, for his spirit belongs to the outermost verge of civilization—a border ruffian came upon Mr. Sumner, and dealt a blow upon his defenceless head, which stunned him; then other blows in quick succession, felling him to the floor, and mangling his person after he was down. There is reason to believe that, had not the ruffian been taken off, he would have completed the assassination. He went to the perpetration of the deed, accompanied by another member of the House of Representatives, and he did it in the presence of several senators of slaveholding States, who lifted not a finger to stay him. So there is too much reason to believe that P. S. Brooks was but the agent of a conspiracy, as Mr. Benton pronounced it. The procedure of the Senate in reference to the outrage, confirms us in the apprehension that it was a conspiracy; and that a larger number of the Senators were in the conspiracy than the few, who witnessed the execution of their plot. Instead of allowing the President of their body, as usual, to appoint the committee of investigation, they chose to do it themselves: and they put upon it not one who was friendly to the injured party. Then the report of that committee was such as to ensure the criminal immunity from punishment, by leaving the case in the hands of the House of Representatives, where, as they knew full well, the requisite vote would not be given against him.

But, we trust, the God of justice and mercy has not wholly forsaken the earth. We trust there is another tribunal in our land, at which this deed will not escape the unqualified condemnation it deserves. We are sure the public sentiment of the civilized world will pronounce it an unparalleled atrocity.

This infamous outrage has called out more expressions of indignation from all parts of the non-slaveholding States of this confederacy, than were ever heard on any other occasion, excepting one. The tidings of this outrage have gone forth to every part of the inhabited earth, borne thither by the white winged messengers that fly continually from our shores in every direction over the great waters. Ere this, the shameful story has been told in Liverpool, London, Paris; flashed thence with lightning speed to every important city on the Continent of Europe, and is now going post haste to the British possessions in India. So that in a few weeks the report of our disgrace will have gone around the world. The fact will have been told everywhere—that liberty of speech has been stricken down in the Senate of these United States, and that that august body has declared itself helpless in the premises; unable to obtain any redress for its injured member, or to give any assurance to others, that they shall be protected in the exercise of their freedom, in the debates that may hereafter arise in that hall. The fearful fact will send discouragement to the hearts of those, who have cherished the faith that the people of a country are capable of self-government, and been wont to point to this Republic as a bright confirmation of that faith. It will increase the assurance of Despots, Kings and Aristocrats, in maintaining that they alone are fit, or have the right *to rule.* Already you may hear it murmured, that the great experiment begun by our fathers in 1776 is a failure; and, under present appearances, there are none of us who can say it is not so. But I trust in the God of our fathers, that the great principles, for which they dared and endured so much, will be saved; though it may be so as by the fires of Revolution. May our repentance avert that dire calamity!

I have intimated that one other, and only one other event has ever awakened in this land a public indignation similar to that, which is now thrilling every heart not seared and hardened by the touch of slavery. I alluded to the treachery of Benedict Arnold. No deed but his, in all our history, is stamped with such ineffable meanness and cowardice, as well as perfidy to one's country, as is that stealthy and murderous assault upon Mr. Sumner. The name of Preston S. Brooks is destined to an infamy as black as that which has settled forever upon the name of Benedict Arnold. True, there are many minions of our American Despots at the South, and not a few at the North, who make a show of commending the perpetrator of that outrage upon all freedom of speech; so were there servants of the British Monarch, who instigated the traitor at West point, and tried to applaud his attempt; but in their hearts they despised it and him. He was, I grant, rewarded by a pension from the British Government; but he was left to live upon it as long as he might, and to die *in obscurity.* No epitaph, that may have been chisseled upon his grave-stone, will ever be seen so distinctly as this which is writ there by the finger of public scorn:—*'The Traitor: he availed himself of his high official position to attempt the overthrow of the liberties of his country.'* The same accusation will attach forever to the memory of Preston S. Brooks. If the miserable in the world beyond the grave love company, the execrated traitor of the Revolution must be moved with joy to meet this fellow at his coming—crying 'Ha! ha! ha! ha! here, at last, is one like unto myself!' The spirit of Brooks's deed was no less dastardly than that of Arnold's; and the tendency of it is equally disastrous; nay, more so. The delivery to the British army of the most important military post of the American Patriots, in the very height of their Revolutionary struggle, would not have been so fatal to the cause of liberty, as would be the suppression of freedom of speech on the floor of Congress.

'REVOLUTION OR REFORM.'

One of the ablest and most eloquent productions of the pulpit, which the alarming state of public affairs has elicited, is entitled 'Revolution or Reform—A Discourse occasioned by the Present Crisis—preached at Wayland, (Mass.) Sunday, June 15, 1856, by Edmund H. Sears'—published in a neat pamphlet by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. Here is a specimen of its style and spirit:—

What are the duties of the hour? becomes a question of overwhelming importance to every practical and honest man. It ceases to be a question of mere 'politics,' which we can put by or not, according to our taste. It is a paramount question, in which religion, morals, education, civilization, Christianity itself, yea, personal safety, are all involved. Its grandeur and solemnity should absorb the interest of every man, woman and child, for they are concerned in it beyond all matters of worldly expediency. It concerns the ministry of religion, for it becomes a question whether there shall be any religion left which is worth preaching, and which has not been eviscerated of its vital principles, and accommodated to the corruptions of the day.

Out of the present crisis, there are two paths that open before us,—and only two. One is through violence and revolution. When the public organism has become possessed with the spirit of evil, and is used chiefly for its work, the last remedy is to break it in pieces, and let right and justice go free. It is a terrible remedy; but if there is no other, it comes to that in the end. It *may* not come now; but if things must go on, it will come inevitably before the slave-despotism has filled up its programme, and finished its horrible drama. The state has no such violent agitators as those who attempt to enforce peace and order by crushing down the moral and religious sentiments of a people.

That the civilization of the western continent is to go down, or glimmer feebly as the outside border of a malignant and centralized barbarism, is not for a moment to be believed. It cannot be in the plan of Providence. Two considerations show you it is not. Look at the elements which make up this confederacy. The North has a very large infusion of the Anglo-Saxon element, and this has been the element of liberty both in the old world and the new. The present is the old conflict renewed between the Cavalier and the Puritan,—one fiery and domineering, the other patient, sometimes mercenary, but fertile in expedients, and most to be feared when conquered. To suppose that this expanse of free States, a development out of Puritan labors and institutions, and in which the Puritan spirit is not dead but only sleeps, covering a region which belts the continent from ocean to ocean, sometimes through ten degrees of latitude, is to be subjugated and finally absorbed into a centralized and brute despotism, would belie the whole Anglo-Saxon history, from the days of Alfred. The Cavalier spirit here in the United States has already produced its Stuart, its Strafford, its Buckinghams and its Jeffreys. If they push the plan far enough of intimidating the parliaments, and sending a bloody assize over the country, they will undoubtedly raise up from the Puritan element a Milton, a Pym, a Hampden and a Cromwell. We may deprecate the issue. It leads us to a chasm which no man can look into without a shudder. But it will be too late, then, to betake ourselves to Union-saving. That work will have passed out of the hands of the politicians. When human nature itself rebounds, after a long and painful tension, a spirit not of man is let loose and sweeps through it, and the individual must bend before it like reeds that shake in the whirlwind.

There is another view which leads us to believe that the remedy must come by revolution, unless we provide a better one. It is not very likely that God will throw away three hundred years of history. It is not likely that a resurgent barbarism will bear us all back to the middle ages. But it comes to that, if this encroaching and brutal oligarchy is to be fixed finally upon our necks, and freedom, and light, and education, and thriving industry, and art, and letters, and science, and invention, and Christianity itself, must go down before it, or pale away as the mere fringe on its border. It does not follow, however, because God will save us from that destiny, that he will do it without judgments and calamities. Reform is the work of man, when there is virtue enough in a people to yield to that change, which is peaceful progress. Revolution is God's remedy, when a people are past reformation and need punishments. It is the cup of the Divine anger. National retribution must follow national crime persevered in and unrepented of. And it may be as a reward for all our servility and all our compromises with wrong; because we have joined hands with oppression; because we have set the commands of kidnappers above the great law of Jehovah; because we have hunted the poor man and the unprotected woman through our streets and fields; because we have removed landmarks and plundered our neighbor, and imbrued our hands in his blood; because we have put wicked men into high places, to promote selfish interests, sacrificing justice to trade and humanity to commerce;—it may be that for all this, Providence is bringing us into a condition from which we shall not emerge, except through terrible judgments; that our exodus,

'Like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red Sea is doomed to be, whose surges are of gore.'

Twenty years ago—yes, ten—the despotism that is submerging us might have turned back upon itself, if Northern men would have put God-worship above man-worship, humanity above party, and the Bible above the ledger. But every time we have dallied with the Slave Power, we have sown the wind, and it becomes more certain every year that we shall reap the whirlwind.

I do not doubt the result. If, in the rhetoric of a distinguished statesman, 'the constellation under which we have risen to so much glory and renown' should be broken up, it would not 'sink, star after star, into obscurity and night.' It would recombine with better affinities, and shine with a sweeter omen on the traveller; but after how much of fratricide, and suffering, and hatred, and desolation, no tongue can tell.

* * * * * *

We have moral and religious duties. There is no peace for the country, no safety for Northern institutions, no safety for us and our children, no security for the civilization of the age, until slavery is dislodged from the national organism, and reduced to its first subordinate and local position; until the government of the country is wielded for liberty, righteousness and civilization, and not for oppression, unrighteousness and barbarism. And this cannot be done until the tone of virtue and moral sentiment here at the North be brought up to its ancient manliness and glory. The ancestral spirit ought to breathe through us again, if we would not have it shake the bones of the fathers under the ground we tread on. The pilgrim ghosts that throng the air, and whose bones are strewn over all our hills and vallies, ought to inspire us with ancient and heroic virtues. Let us repudiate the doctrine, that our duty to the country we live in, and which we ought to love, requires of us to cloak its sins and glorify its crimes. He is no true friend to the peace of the country, who does not oppose faithfully the great evil that infests her. They are the worst of agitators who endeavor to hide the ruin that is working destruction, and is sure to break forth every year with a new desolation. Every day goes to demonstrate the folly and the impotence of your merely worldly-wise statesmen, and to show that truth and justice are the most conservative of all principles of action. The time has come, or is fast coming, when a faithful exposure of the nature and tendencies of the Slave Power would appeal to the very instinct of self-preservation and self-interest, to men of common intelligence, as it certainly does to every sentiment of brotherhood among the followers of Christ—to all who desire to see Christianity go forth on her Western mission, uncrippled of her power and unshorn of her glories. It is moral opinion, freely uttered, that rules the world. Let it break forth again with its ancient tone in social life and in public, in the street, in the field, in the shop, in the pulpit, in the forum, in the church, in the state—and the Northern air would be cleared of the miasma that has loaded it, and become keen and bracing as when it swept the Mayflower into Plymouth Bay. Servility and venality could not breathe in it and live. Taken once more into the lungs of fifteen millions of free people, how long could 350,000 men subsidize them to the propaganda of barbarism? Is there a conservative man who fears damage to his business or his investments? Let him watch the steps of revolution, and provide against it in time. Is there a man of peace, who dreads the horrors of civil strife? Let him not rest till the cause of strife is removed clean out of the way. Is there a friend of virtue, who would not see it tamed down and blighted, and all majesty and nerve taken out of it? Let him oppose its most pervading and subtle tempter. Is there a friend of education, who would see its blessings pervade and elevate the masses? Let him remember that where slavery goes, popular education cannot, either for white men or black. Is there a Christian man, who hears the admonition—'Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not to me'? Let him see in the future the imploring millions who ask to be saved from being driven by the whip to toil. Is there a friend of law, who desires a government of law, and not one of mobs, and lynch-fires, and daggers, and bludgeons? Let him remember that the power which possesses the government with the spirit of ruffianism is the same that spreads ruffianism through the streets, the coffee-houses, the halls of legislation, and lets it run loose in the territories, drunk with whiskey and blood. Is there a laborer, that would not see his calling degraded by a nearer contact with servitude? Is there a woman that regards her sex, and dreads the worst foe to woman's rights and woman's purity? If so, this cause is eminently yours. Every motive that can appeal to us as citizens, as men, and as Christians, urges us to give the old Puritan sentiment of liberty a new and emphatic utterance.

HOW IT LOOKS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The London *Morning Star*, a paper very friendly to America, commenting upon Brooks's dastardly assault upon Mr. Sumner, and stating what had been its hopes in regard to the destiny of our country, says:—

In proportion, therefore, as we have nursed these ardent hopes, is our sorrow bitter and profound, to witness certain incidents which have recently made all the admirers of American institutions in this country hang down their heads with confusion and shame. We do not so much refer to the scenes of violence and anarchy which prevail in Kansas, though these are lamentable enough; but by far the saddest and most ominous signs, to our mind, are the gross and brutal outrages committed in the very sanctuary of the Constitution, by men who are the sworn guardians of the dignity and freedom of the Republic. *The assault upon Mr. Sumner stands without parallel in the annals of civilized communities.* While sitting at his desk in the Senate Chamber, quietly engaged in writing, a member of the other legislative body, the House of Representatives, deliberately walks up to him, and taking advantage of his utterly helpless position, where he could neither escape nor defend himself, begins to beat him violently upon his bare head with a heavy cane, until he falls down stunned and insensible, covered with his own blood; the cowardly ruffian not desisting even then, when the form of his antagonist lay prostrate and senseless before him. While this is taking place, a number of his brother Senators stand round, and make no attempt to stay the arm of the assailant; some of them indeed mounted guard expressly to prevent interference. Such conduct is utterly inexplicable to us in this country. We say nothing of the obligations of religion and morality—nothing of the requirements of personal self-respect or official decorum—nothing of the impulses of manly dignity, or gentlemanly honor. It is easy to conceive that men of the quality of Mr. Brooks and his abettors should be utterly inaccessible to sentiments of this nature. But the wonder is, that the mere instinct—we were almost going to say the mere animal instinct—of fair play, which is found to actuate even the humblest classes of our population in their roughest physical conflicts, did not cry shame within their bosoms. We believe that there is no company of coal-heavers or costermongers, haunting the lowest purlieus of London, that would have suffered what the elect and educated legislators of America witnessed; some with dastardly connivance, and others with avowed complacency and exultation.

If anything could aggravate the inherent brutality of this act, it is the character of the man upon whom it was committed; for Mr. Sumner is a gentleman in whom there meets a combination of qualities adapted in a rare degree to inspire the affectionate attachments of friends, and to command courtesy and respect from all generous and honorable opponents. A man of a chivalrous and heroic spirit, of a refined and sensitive nature, of a powerful and cultivated intellect, disciplined by hard study, and adorned with profound and various learning, who has led a life of irreproachable purity and active benevolence—the favorite pupil of Story—the intimate friend and disciple of Channing, the chosen associate of the finest living minds of America—Quincy, Sparks, Longfellow, Goodrich, Dana, Everett, Bryant, Emerson. 'I think,' says the latter, at a recent meeting at Concord, I may borrow the language which Bishop Burnet applied to Sir Isaac Newton, and say, that 'Charles Sumner has the whitest soul I ever knew,'—and yet this noble head, so comely and so wise, must be a target for a bully to beat with a club.' For many years of his life, Mr. Sumner, like many other men of delicate moral sensibilities, shrunk from taking any active part in the stormy life of politics. He lived among his fellow-citizens, known rather as a philanthopist than a politician, until within the last few years, when the daring aggressions of the Slave Power roused his spirit, and brought him out into the arena of active life.

And when the greatest of American orators and statesmen, Daniel Webster, was stricken down by the hand of death, Mr. Sumner was the man whom the State of Massachusetts chose from among her sons as the most worthy to be his successor. And most nobly has he vindicated the wisdom of their choice. Taking small interest in the ordinary conflicts of parties, he has stood forth from the moment that he entered the Senate as the courageous and resolute champion of the slave. His speeches are elaborate and masterly orations, with perhaps almost too much of classical stateliness and refinement for the tribune. Over the hard and dry abstraction of politics, he throws the glancing lights of his fertile and polished fancy, and relieves the tedium of debate by the rich stores of an elegant and varied erudition. The speech that brought upon him the recent attack was perhaps the greatest of all his efforts. It is in every respect a magnificent production. With a lofty and relentless logic, he tears away the covering veil of sophistry with which the Southern members had sought to conceal the naked iniquity of the transactions in Kansas. There are no doubt passages of terrible severity, but not, we think, exceeding the license of parliamentary debate among ourselves. And the most conclusive testimony to the power of the orator is afforded by the desperate extremities to which it reduced his discomfited foes.

We have no words of commiseration to offer to Mr. Sumner. God grant only that a life so valuable may be spared, and he will occupy in the estimation of all men, at home and abroad, whose judgment he would value, a prouder position than he ever occupied before. He stood in the vanguard of freedom, and the marks of the ruffianly outrage inflicted upon him, which he will probably bear to the grave, he will wear as more honorable scars than ever warrior brought from a battle-field. Indeed, so far as the cause to which Mr. Sumner has consecrated his life is concerned, this incident, otherwise so foul a blot on the escutcheon of the United States, is hardly to be regretted. It will inflict incalculable damage on the slave interest and its advocates. That they are themselves aware of this is, indeed, sufficiently obvious. For though the Southern papers speak of presents of canes with ferocious devices, and other appropriate testimonials being sent to Brooks, all this bravado poorly conceals the lurking consciousness every where betraying itself that their champion has committed not only a heinous crime, but an irreparable blunder.

Indeed, it is clear enough to everybody, that if the Southern gentlemen are compelled to abandon the conflict of reason and eloquence—and, confessing themselves beaten in arguments and oratory, are obliged to have recourse to bludgeons and revolvers, as the only resource left to them—if they convert the capitol from the arena of honorable debate, where intellect meets intellect in an inspiring and ennobling emulation, into a pugilistic ring, where bullies and blusterers display their superior animal strength and prowess, they will themselves proclaim, trumpet-tongued, that their cause is indeed irretrievably lost.

Meanwhile, such acts as these upon which we have animadverted are bringing lasting dishonor on republican institutions. If Americans knew the enormous advantage they are giving, by such frantic ebullitions of passion, to the friends and champions of despotism in all parts of the world—if they knew what a 'heavy blow and sad discouragement' they inflict on the cause of human progress, surely they would put some restraint upon themselves, and not send forth a glorious form of Liberty haggard and bleeding from the wounds she has received in the house of her friends, to be a laughing-stock and a reproach to all the tyrants on the earth.

SPEECH OF GERRIT SMITH,

In the Kansas Convention in Buffalo, July 10, 1856.

Mr. President—Of my series of Resolutions, the Convention has adopted the three which set forth our plan of operations. I wish that the other Resolutions in this series might also be adopted. But it is objected to some of them, that they go to array us directly and dangerously against the Government. In point of fact, however, the Government has disappeared. It has identified itself with the scoundrels who invade and tyrannize over Kansas. It is sunk and lost in Border Ruffianism. Had we a Government, we should have no occasion and no right to be here, devising succor and deliverance for the oppressed and outraged people of Kansas. In that case we should have stayed at home, and called on Government to do this work. With me, Government is a sacred thing. I can never consent to the usurpation of its powers. To it alone, under Heaven, do I accord the right to destroy human life. Not even to subvert a whole system of slavery would I have one drop of blood shed, aside from the legitimate operations of an existing Government. Where Government does not exist—where Government is not present—individuals and communities do as best they can. They may feel bound to extemporize a Government—to make themselves the Government. In such circumstances are the people of Kansas, and we their friends. We may wield the sword, because there is no Government; or rather, because, through the failure of Government, we obey the necessity of the case, and recognize ourselves to be the Government.

Just here let me advert to the great mistake into which the people and friends of Kansas fell. They took ground against the Missouri scoundrels: but the Federal Government—unworthy of the name of Government, and called such by me only for the sake of convenience—this Government, the patron and partner of these less guilty scoundrels, they declined to oppose. Absurd distinction! disastrous inconsistency!—for it is this Government which maintains and enforces the spurious and cruel dominion that the Missouri scoundrels have set up in Kansas. Are there, of late, some symptoms of the relentings of the Federal Government? The relentings are, probably, far more politic than sincere. It is true that the Kansas Bill, which recently passed the Senate, would nullify some of the worst enactments of the Ruffian Legislature; but it leaves that legislature still in existence, and free to enact as torturing oppressions as any which it has hitherto enacted—as any which Congress might repeal. I admit that it can hardly do worse than it has done. I admit that a Legislature, which has enacted that, in order to vote, a man must swear to support the Fugitive Slave Act; that holding anti-slavery sentiments is a disqualification for sitting as a juror; and that to be sent to the Penitentiary for two years is not too severe a punishment for expressing an opinion against the rightfulness of slaveholding:—I admit that such a Legislature has probably done its very worst, and is no longer capable of beating itself.

What we ask of Congress is to sweep aside this whole Ruffian Government—its Election, Statutes, Legislature, Judiciary, Executive, and all. Nothing less will content us. If Congress shall leave the people of Kansas still under that Government, and with the Federal Government still to enforce it, then is Congress, whatever the deceptive appearances it may get up to the contrary, to be regarded as the enemy of Kansas; and then must the people and friends of Kansas draw the sword to defend themselves, as well against the Federal troops, as against Missouri and other Ruffians.

Another objection to these Resolutions is, that, if adopted, they will embarrass the friends and prejudice the cause of freedom, at the approaching Election. This objection has been urged both within and without the Convention.

Most of you are relying largely on political action, and especially on the next election, to save Kansas. Unhappy reliance! I speak deliberately when I say, that nothing so much as this reliance is now in the way of the deliverance of Kansas. You are looking to ballots when you should be looking to bayonets; counting up voters, when you should be mustering armed, and none but armed emigrants; electioneering for candidates for civil rulers, when you should be enquiring for military rulers. All the time that you are making this mistake, slavery is fortifying itself in Kansas, and weakening and expelling liberty. Political action is our great hindrance, because it delays the only remedy for the wrongs of Kansas—because it directs us from the only action that is now called for—the action of armed men. There was a time when slavery could have been ended by political action. But that time has gone by; and, as I apprehend, forever. There was not virtue enough in the American people to bring slavery to a bloodless termination:—and now all that remains for them is to bring it to a bloody one. No man has called longer than I have on the American people to vote slavery to death. For many years, however, I have well-nigh despaired of their doing so; and for the last month or two I have entirely despaired of it. For a long time, slavery has been giving proofs to

the whole land of its utterly lawless and piratical character. For a long time it has shown, that no laws, no constitutions, no conventions can bind it; and that it is ever ready to break the most solemn compacts, the first moment it becomes its interest to break them. But never until within the last two months has it openly, or at least so openly, forced its way by fire and sword into new and free territory. And yet since this outrage, and notwithstanding all this provocation to resolve to vote slavery to death, the American people have held their great political conventions, and resolved to let slavery live. Will it be said there is a large party which forbids its extension? There is not. All the great political parties agree that slavery may live in any present, and also in any future State. One of them, it is true, is opposed to its living in Territories; and this is all the difference in this respect between these parties. All but one of these parties say: 'Let the wolf go where he pleases. Let him go among any or all the sheep.' The other says: 'Yes—save only a few folds, into which he must not go *for the present*.' As if any of the sheepfolds could be safe for even any time, so long as the wolf is suffered to live! All but one of the parties say: 'Let the fire rage in every part of the city.' The other says: 'Yes—save only a few parts of it *for the present*.' As if any part could be saved, unless the fire is extinguished in every part!

What is worse than all—just now, when slavery is making such unusual demonstrations of its utter lawlessness, the great political parties are especially forward to confess that it is an obligatory and sacred law. Just now, when the deeds of this pre-eminent pirate are calling louder than ever for a sentence of outlawry against it, these great parties are louder than ever in according to slavery inviolable legal rights. They are still guilty of the folly of holding that the Federal Constitution—a paper which is all for liberty, and not at all for slavery—legalizes, or at least admits, the legality of slavery. But how absurd to maintain that any paper, any constitution, any statute, any decree can legalize slavery!—that stupendous crime, which overshadows even murder itself—that matchless wickedness, which is a compound of every other wickedness.

No, the American people have never proposed to vote slavery to death; and they do not now propose to do so. The only question that remains is, whether they are ready to put it to death by violence. They think that they are not. But I think that they are. I admit that they are not, in purpose. Nevertheless, I think that they are in effect—for, I trust, they are ready to put it to a violent death in Kansas—and in that death will be involved the whole of American slavery.

It is manifest from what I have said, that there are probably few members of this Convention, in whose esteem it is so important as in mine. Most of them are here to help stop slavery from going into Kansas—or rather to help stop it from establishing itself there—for it is there already. They are here to save Kansas. Such is the whole extent of the avowed object of the Convention. No farther than this have I the right to ask it to go. No farther than this would it, in any wise, consent to go. But I am here to serve a much broader purpose. I am here to promote the killing of all American slavery, and the salvation of all America. It is true that I am here to help accomplish the comparatively narrow purpose of this Convention—and in good faith can I work to this end.—Nay, joyfully can I work to this end, since the comparatively narrow purpose is a part, and a very essential part of my comprehensive one. Indeed, as I judge of this Convention—as I judge of it by its character, connexions, bearings, and by its broad and momentous consequences—I am disposed to regard it as the most important Convention that I ever had a seat in.

But why do I conclude that the North will put slavery in Kansas to a violent death? Because I am certain that the South will persevere in fighting for Kansas; and that the North will do so too.—If all manhood has not departed from us, we will not consent to leave our Kansas brethren to be butchered. If all love of freedom has not departed from us, we will not leave them to be cursed with slavery. And, I add, if the North but resolves to conquer, it will conquer.

I was nearly certain, from her trampling the Missouri compromise under foot, that the South was willing to make a bloody fight for Kansas. But now, since she has wrought herself up to such a fight, it is quite certain that she will persevere in it.

And why, too, do I conclude that a death-struggle between liberty and slavery in Kansas will be a death-struggle between these powers in all the land? Because I am certain that the South will never give up Kansas, until compelled to give up all slavery. She will fight for it to the last. Read the letter of Atchison to the North Carolina Committee. Read his letter to Amos A. Lawrence.—There is no truer exponent than he of the spirit and purpose of slavery, when it is, as now, in one of its frenzied and rampant moods. He says that he will be prepared to surrender the care and control of Missouri to the abolitionists, as soon as they shall have conquered slavery in Kansas. He is right in his conclusion that all Southern slavery must be conquered, before the South will give up slavery in Kansas. We would look to Mr. Rives, of Virginia, as soon as to any slaveholder for moderate counsels in this case. Nevertheless, the tone of his letter to Mr. Winthrop inspires no hope that the South will ever consent to give up Kansas.—And, among other similar Southern demonstrations, the Alabama Democratic Convention resolves to resist the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, 'even to the extent of a disruption of the Union.' But I will cite, in this connection, the authority of your candidate for President—Col. Fremont—a gentleman, by the way, of admirable traits of character—(great applause)—foresees a 'desperate struggle' in Kansas; and he speaks of the slaveholders as 'ready to hazard *everything* for success' in it. Such is the language of this clear-sighted gentleman, in the letter accepting his nomination.

Many are of the opinion, that if the coming presidential election shall not go to suit the South, she will give up slavery. Groundless opinion! However that election shall go, there will be bloody battles in Kansas between liberty and slavery. Well indeed for liberty to have that election turn in favor of liberty. But even then, the South would not give up the conquest of Kansas. Do what you can politically for Kansas. But you should not hope that the bloody strife in Kansas can be thereby terminated. Least of all should you stand aloof from that strife, and wait with folded arms for the verdict of the ballot-box. Is it hoped that the South will feel morally bound by such a verdict? Idle hope! What cares she, when in her mood to extend slavery, for elections or laws? What cared she for law, when she robbed innocent Mexico of a large part of her territory? What cares she for law, when her gloating eyes are upon all the remainder of Mexico? What cares she for law, when she would eternize slavery in Cuba? What cares she for law, when she would extend the cursed dominion of slavery over Hayti? What cared she for law, when, with unsurpassed perfidy, she broke up the Missouri Compromise? What cares she for law, when she endorses the brutality of her Brooks upon our noble and beloved Sumner? By the way, much as I had studied the nature of slavery for thirty years, I must confess that, never till I saw the whole South acquiescing in this brutality, could I have believed in the power of the monster thus to pervert and debase all within its reach.

But, I must hasten to a close. I trust that whatever other of my resolutions it shall adopt, the Convention will pass one or both of those which look to the protection of Kansas by physical force, and against whatever foe, federal troops or any other troops. If our brethren in Kansas can be protected only by the shedding of blood, then blood must be shed. And if we would enjoy self-respect, and the respect of the world, and the favor of Heaven, we must deal impartially with our foes. Moreover, to denounce the Border Ruffians, and not the Federal Government, which is in league with those ruffians; to be ready to fight against the one, but not against the other—this would be an inconsistency so gross, and a cowardice so glaring, as to be certainly fatal to our success.

The peril of taking up arms, or only of counselling to take up arms, against the Federal Government, has been adverted to in this debate. But why should men who have given themselves up to the F duty, be concerned with the perils of doing their duty? Moreover, what have such to fear in this case from the Federal Government? That Government, so strong when the State Governments are with it, is utterly weak when they are against it. This will be manifest as soon as we shall hear that Federal troops, acting in the bad cause of the Ruffian Government, and for the enforcement of that government, have killed in battle men sent from the North to protect our Kansas brethren. For then, the State Governments of the North will be aroused, and the weakness of the Federal Government in their hostile presence will stand revealed. And then, too, Kansas will soon be free. But will that be the end of the bloody strife? No—it will be renewed upon the soil of Missouri, and, in quick succession, in other States also, until slavery shall have perished in all the land. But few battles will be needed—for slavery is intrinsically not only very weak, but very cowardly also. So great and so conscious a wrong as slavery is necessarily a great coward. I scarcely need say, that its strength is only apparent, since it so obviously consists in Northern cowardice and *doughfaceism*. Slavery has been brave and rampant, because we have run before it. The moment we shall turn and face it, it will run before us.

With no delight do I look upon these scenes of blood, that seem to me so certain and so near. All the horrors of war are to my heart emphatically horrors. Let us all be filled with sincere and pious regret at the wretched circumstances into which our pre-eminently guilty country is brought. I say our guilty country—for I mean the North as well as the South. If the South has sinned fearfully in keeping alive and extending the system of slavery, no less fearfully has the North sinned, in refusing to kill the bloody and infernal system at the ballot-box. For the civil war that has already broken out in this land, I hold the North and the South equally responsible.

RESOLUTIONS.

1st. Resolved, that armed men must be sent to Kansas to conquer the armed men who come against her:—and that our justification for sending them is to be found in the refusal of the Administration to do it.

2d. Resolved, that the Administration, instead of protecting Kansas, is the great instigator and upholder of the oppressions and outrages which she suffers.

3d. Resolved, that we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the Kansas Bill, which recently passed the Senate, nor by any other apparent concessions of the pro-slavery party to the claims of righteousness; and that we shall never acknowledge that there can be the least honesty in any of the propositions of that party regarding Kansas, so long as it continues to recognize valid government, or any semblance of valid government, in the devilish despotism which the Federal Administration encouraged the ruffians of Missouri to set up in Kansas.

4th. Resolved, that the attempt to force slavery upon Kansas must, at whatever cost, be defeated:—and that too, whether the Administration shall, or shall not, continue to favor the nefarious attempt.

5th. Resolved, that if the issue, which the slave power has provoked in Kansas, shall grow, as likely it will, into a war, in which either all American slavery or all American liberty shall perish, we shall enter into such war with no feelings of surprise that the long-expected collision has come at last; with no sense of responsibility for it, and with no fears for its result.

6th. Resolved, that we will proceed to appoint a National Kansas Committee of wise and upright men, to whose discretion the whole conduct of our sacred cause shall be entrusted. Said committee shall be composed of one person of each State, so far as there are States in which a suitable person can be found—excepting that five persons from the city of Chicago shall be put upon said committee. Three shall constitute a quorum, and Chicago shall be the usual place for the meetings of the committee.

7th. Resolved, that by all that is precious and urgent in the claims of Kansas and Liberty, we call on the friends of justice and humanity to organize forthwith State and County and Town Associations, for the purpose of obtaining monthly contributions of money, to enable the National Committee to bring to a speedy and successful close the great work which we commit to its hands.

8th. Resolved, that the contributions each month should not fall short of one hundred thousand dollars; and that those of the present month should be paid to the committee by the first day of August; and those of August by the first day of September; and in like manner thereafter.

9th. Resolved, that, with all the earnestness of our souls, do we call on those members of Congress who are defenders of human rights and lovers of liberty, and haters of fraud and usurpation, to consent to no adjustment of the difficulties, and to no pacification of the disturbances in Kansas, which shall not provide for the total abrogation of that infamous despotism, which the knaves and ruffians of Missouri have forced upon that unhappy Territory.

10th. Resolved, that we assure unoffending and afflicted Kansas of our deep, abiding sympathy, and of our stern, irrepealable determination to come effectually to her help; and that we call upon her imprisoned heroes, her pillaged towns, and upon all her hunted, hungry, impoverished people, who survive the wrongs and murders that crowd her history, never, no never, to surrender—never, no never, to despair of seeing Kansas a home of freedom to ALL, who shall come to dwell within her borders.

In addition to the 6th, 7th, and 8th Resolutions, the 2d, 4th, and 10th, with slight verbal changes in the 2d and 10th, were subsequently adopted.

THE LIBERATOR.

No Union with Slaveholders.

BOSTON, AUGUST 8, 1856.

ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

The twenty-second anniversary of that truly noble act of the British people, by which, at a very heavy cost to the nation, all the slaves in their West India possessions, in number amounting to EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND souls, were made free,—rendering the First of August, 1834, a memorable and a holy day in the Annals of Humanity, Justice, and Liberty,—was duly commemorated by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society and the friends of freedom in the eastern part of the State, on Friday last, at the well-known beautiful Grove in Abington, Plymouth county.

Unlike the late Fourth of July, which was wet, gloomy, and in all respects unfavorable for public gatherings, this day was bright, beautiful, and auspicious. A thin veil of clouds partially obscured the sun, and, so continuing through the day, rendered the temperature of the air comfortable and agreeable to all. At 9 A. M a very large company, comprising delegates from Norfolk, Middlesex, and Essex counties, as well as the numerous Boston friends, left Boston by the cars of the Old Colony Railroad, and, meeting with reinforcements at each station on the way, arrived at the Abington Grove soon after ten; where a very numerous company, from Plymouth, Kingston, and other towns at that end of the railroad, and from all parts of Plymouth county, was found already assembled. We could not but be impressed anew with the beauty of the spot. The Grove itself, nearly surrounded by its picturesque sheet of water, the tall pines extending to the water's edge, the soft dry carpeting formed by innumerable needle-like spires shed by the pine-trees, the slight swaying and murmur of their branches in the wind, the graceful boats moving swiftly before the breeze, were all features of the scene before us, and seemed to welcome us to the duties, the hopes, and pleasures of the day. With spirits in harmony, we trust, with the beautiful scene, and gladly accepting its good omens, we had come together to dedicate one more day to the cause of Human Liberty, and, if possible, of the Redemption of our Land from the Scorn and Contempt of Ages, from the irretrievable ruin which now impends over her, and which must overtake the oppressive and impenitent Nation, not less surely than the wicked Man.

At 11 o'clock, the meeting was called to order by FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, who proposed, from the Committee of Arrangements, the following organization:

For President—EDMUND QUINCY, Dedham.

Vice Presidents—Francis Jackson, Boston; Micah H. Pool, Abington; William Ashby, Newburyport; O. W. Albee, Marlboro'; David B. Bartlett, Dorchester; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth.

Secretaries—Samuel May, Jr., Jas. M. W. Yerriston.

Finance Committee—Robert F. Wallcut, Boston; Nath'l B. Spooner, Plymouth; Elbridge Sprague, Abington; Briggs Arnold, do.

The meeting unanimously accepted the above as its officers, and the Chair was taken by Mr. QUINCY, who spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I desire to thank you for the honor you have just done me, and to congratulate you on the return of this day, and our assembly here, in 'God's first temple,' under the green trees, not like the idolatrous Jews of old, for the purpose of offering up incense to false gods, but to offer up that service which is most acceptable to God—service to our fellow-creatures—rejoicing for the blessings which He has conferred upon our brethren, and strengthening our hearts, in the prospect of what he has done for others, to endeavor to procure the same blessings for our own fellow-countrymen, who are suffering under so much worse oppression than did the bondmen of the West Indian Islands.

I have said often before, that I considered it peculiarly fortunate that the First of August should come precisely one month after the Fourth of July—that we should have something to take the taste of that anniversary out of our mouths,—that we may be reminded that all those who named the name of liberty have not been false,—that there have been those who regarded civil liberty as including the black as well as the white,—who did not regard the liberty of '76 to mean the slavery of one-sixth of the population of '56. I for one thank God for what the English people did. Though we have reason to blush, to put our hands on our mouths, and our mouths in the dust, and acknowledge that we are verily sinners before them, in the light of their great example, yet we should thank God for that example which points us out so plainly not only the duty, but the safety and happiness of immediate emancipation.

The company then united in singing the original hymn, written for the day by DANIEL S. WHITNEY.

[This hymn was published in our last week's issue.]

Mr. Quincy announced that ill-health would prevent Mr. Garrison from being with us to-day, and would deprive us of his expected and ever-welcome presence. He understood that Mr. May had this morning received a letter from Mr. Garrison, which he was sure the audience would like to hear.

Mr. May read the following letter, which was listened to with the closest interest, and at the end was warmly cheered:

BOSTON, August 1, 1856

MY DEAR MR. MAY:

My disappointment is very great in not being able to be at your commemorative meeting, to-day; but, though not seriously ill, I am suffering too much bodily pain, and am too much affected by a pressure upon the brain, to make it either prudent or pleasurable for me to participate in your proceedings, or to be even only a mere witness of them. Fortunately, the presence of so many able and eloquent advocates of freedom will render my absence of no account whatever. Still, I deeply regret that I cannot listen to their stirring words, and again see the old and tried friends of our glorious movement, face to face.

With yours, my spirit will be comforted and refreshed to think of the wonderful deliverance of eight hundred thousand human beings from the most frightful bondage, of which this day is the anniversary. History records no event so marvellous and soul-thrilling, in relation to a change in human condition. All praise and honor to British philanthropy, which, against throne and parliament at home, and the whole body of West India planters, dared single-handed to grapple with the demoniac spirit of Slavery, and, after a tremendous and long-protracted struggle, succeeded in vanquishing them all—opening the prison doors, and setting every captive free beneath the British flag! Everlasting disgrace to America, which, in the face of her Declaration of Independence and the Gospel of Christ, still holds in a bondage equally cruel and degrading four millions of victims, derides all appeals to conscience and the 'higher law,' persists in extending her bloody sway, and planting chattel slavery as her one cherished and 'peculiar institution' wherever her flag advances!

But God reigns, and is omnipotent, and either through moral power inducing repentance, or by fire and blood in the way of divine retribution upon the heads of the oppressors, will yet effect a greater jubilee and ransom a still more numerous host. Yes—

'The end will come—it will not wait—
Chains, yokes and scourges have their date;
Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday!'

Yours, to break every yoke,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Rev. Samuel May, Jr.

ANDREW T. FOSS, of New Hampshire, being called forward by the President, addressed the meeting in an eloquent and thorough anti-slavery speech, repudiating the Union, and showing the necessity for its overthrow.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON then addressed the meeting in a speech of great beauty and power; a full report of which, from Mr. Yerrinton's phonographic notes, will be found in another place.

The audience joined in singing ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER'S well-known hymn:

'Think of our country's glory,
All dimmed with Afric's tears;
Her broad flag stained and gory
With the hoarded guilt of years.'

Adjourned to 2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON.

Met according to adjournment, and joined in the hymn by GEORGE W. PUTNAM, written for the 1st of August.

Mr. Quincy announced that a gentleman from Kentucky was present, whom we should all welcome—the editor of the only anti-slavery paper in the State, the only anti-slavery paper south of Mason and Dixon's line—WM. S. BAILEY, editor of the *Newport*, Ky. *News*.

Mr. Bailey said that he was no speaker: he was raised a mechanic, and only attemped to talk in a plain way to plain people. He said, in 1850 we commenced the publication of an anti-slavery paper in Newport, Kentucky. Many called to advise me to say nothing about slavery, but confine myself to the news of the day. I told them that it was for their interest as well as mine that slavery should be abolished; that I deemed slavery wrong, and should speak of it as such. Finding that they could not otherwise overcome me, they attempted to destroy my building, and press, and at length succeeded. But I raised a little money, stretched my credit, obtained new type, and began again. Samuel Pike came and established a pro-slavery paper there, and endeavored by rivalry, by appeals to mobs, and in every conceivable way, to destroy me; but be failed, and was obliged to leave the place. Paper after paper was successively established against me, in all eight papers, and one after another failed and ceased to exist. I have had much to endure—have been frequently attacked—had many blows on my head, and there are scars on various parts of my body, but I *never was whipped*,—though I have been very badly beaten! My children are six girls and four boys, and they all set types, and so we keep up the paper. Suits for slander have been brought against me, but have so far failed to break me down. We are going on to publish our paper, which now circulates about 2800 copies, and we mean to continue it until Kentucky is a free State, (loud cheers,) and if the Union is divided, we mean to go with THE NORTH! (Renewed and prolonged cheering.)

Mr. PHILLIPS said we shall all feel it is a great thing to publish an anti-slavery paper in Kentucky; and if we desire to help so good a work by giving a few dollars to Mr. Bailey, we may receive his paper, or provide for it to be sent to others.

The President said we had had a good specimen of a Kentuckian; now we should hear from a *Virginian*. He introduced to the audience Rev. M. D. CONWAY of Washington city, a native of Virginia.

Mr. Conway was received with great cheering, and spoke in an earnest, free and natural manner, to the great pleasure and edification of the vast audience. [This speech will appear in full hereafter.]

Although the vast audience seemed undiminished and unwilling to separate, yet, as the hour of 6 o'clock had arrived, it was necessary to close the day's proceedings, which was accordingly done by singing, to the tune of *Scots wha hae*, ALONZO LEWIS'S Ode, which closes thus:

'In the might of Truth we stand,
Freedom's true and fearless band;
Well we love our native land,
And it shall be free!'

The meeting then adjourned, and the multitude poured from the grove in all directions, having apparently highly enjoyed the favorable occasion, the beautiful weather, and the unusually interesting meeting; and with ardent aspirations for the Advent of Freedom, Peace, Justice, and true Nobility to our own country. It was the general testimony that never, even on the Anti-Slavery platform, had there been greater eloquence, or a more elevated moral character, in all the speeches, without exception, than on this occasion. May the good seed, thus abundantly and faithfully sowed in the good ground of *honest and good hearts*, spring up and bear abundant fruit, to the honor of God, the great Father of All, and to the redemption, in body and in soul, of all His children, of every country and of every name!

We shall be pardoned, we trust, for referring, as we do with pleasure, to the large number of our colored citizens and friends who joined in the celebration of the day. Never, on any previous First of August, we think, have so many of them come up to this commemorative meeting. It is indeed a day to be held by them in thankful and special remembrance, for their brethren's sake. Never let it be forgotten by them, nor by any of the true friends of freedom, until the full birth-right and blessing of personal, civil, and religious Liberty shall be possessed and enjoyed by every human being.

EDMUND QUINCY, *President*.

SAMUEL MAY, JR., J. M. W. YERRINTON, } *Secretaries*.

N. B. The Finance Committee collected the sum of $103 82, for expenses of the meeting, and for the advancement of the cause.

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I feel like the school-boy who hears the school-bell ring unexpectedly,—but here I am. I heard a part of Mr. Foss's speech. You know in these meetings, each speaker is expected to take his text from his predecessor; and how can I, a humble laborer in this field, do better than take my text from the man who is of such devout and very reverend demeanor, that when, a while ago, I had the good fortune to induce him to occupy my pulpit, and went out with him into the street, the people asked what Episcopal Doctor of Divinity I had got to honor me with his society! (Laughter.) I heard him say a thing which I suppose we shall all say in our turn, that this is a great day,—a great day, and a great meeting to match it. There are several reasons why it is a great day. I happened upon a new historical fact recently, which perhaps you do not generally know. I met a man a year ago,—a good little German Jew,—who was going to New York to attend, he told me, the Anniversary of the Creation of the World; and I found the Jews knew all about that, and had kept that anniversary, I suppose, from the year one. So I have the pleasure to inform you, that the first of August is not only the anniversary of the emancipation of slavery in the West Indies, but also of the day, Mr. Chairman, when Satan originally fell from heaven. The first of August Satan fell from heaven; and thinking that the matter had not gone far enough, they afterwards had a meeting in the West Indies, and pitched him out of hell. (Cheers.) It was Dr. Chapin, I think, who said in New York, that 'the best kind of pick-nick a man can take hold of, is a pick at Old Nick.' (Laughter.) I go for taking a pick at him as often as possible.

It does me good, Mr. Chairman, to be here. I have not, it is true, got the hang of this school-house, but I have got the hang of these school-fellows. It is a good thing for a man to be here who has been condemned to pass eight months in a solitary island that hangs like a teacup in the Atlantic ocean, where they never had a public meeting and never had but one paper and one printing press, and that they threw into the water. Think of a Yankee passing eight months in such a place as that! It is a hard thing, I tell you; but, hard as it is, it is worth all it costs to realize what home is; and if, as I hope is the case with all of you, home means freedom,—wherever free hearts beat,—then home is doubly dear; dear in its peace and prosperity,—dearer for in its sorrows and its dangers. There is another advantage in a residence in a foreign land, or a land that is half foreign,—that it puts you far off; you have things at arm's length; you see things as they are. The miserable superstitions that confine you at home—the reverence for 'men of property and standing' in Boston, for men of political power at Washington,—all vanish, when you get a few thousand miles of ocean between you and America; and you learn what the true America is, and you care to hear of that and that only, and therefore you read the Boston LIBERATOR, because that means what in America is best and noblest. You weigh America against Europe; and I tell you, you can hardly realize, without such experience, how little the events of Europe seem compared with those going on around us now. A single meeting of Abolitionists in some country school-house, where our friends Foss and Pillsbury labor so devotedly, a single gathering of a handful of Abolitionists any where in this Union, becomes more momentous to you, more full of predictions of the future, than all the petty manœuverings of politicians in London and Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg. The war in Kansas seems infinitely more than the war in the Crimea; and you wonder at the glittering baubles for which men play at public life in Europe, when only here is the battle worth fighting, the only work worthy to be done. O, my friends, it was strange to me, when there came from across the ocean, borne by the twin winds that sometimes blow there the same day, from east to west,—it was strange to me, when there came one day the news from Paris on one side, and the news from Boston on the other, to turn from the petty records of the birth and baby-clothes of the Imperial infant of Paris,—all the royalty of Europe aroused at midnight to salute its coming,—to turn from all that mockery of a day, to the realities that were occurring here;—to that one poor, hunted, robbed, defrauded woman, that MARGARET GARNER in Cincinnati, of whom my LIBERATOR was full; to read of her before that Slave Court in Cincinnati, with our own LUCY STONE—noble as ever—by her side. (Cheers.) What a contrast was there! A few centuries, and time will utterly sweep away the memory of that new despot of Europe; it will lie very low among the Cushings and Curtises of our own land; but that deep instinct of humanity, which remembers nothing of Roman history so clearly as the story of Virginius and his daughter, will cling forever to the name of MARGARET GARNER, and will not forget the name of her who stood in that dark hour by her side. (Loud applause.)

My friends, I want to congratulate you on living in a land of realities; in a land where people are living in earnest. I am glad to meet you in a place where people come to talk of living in earnest. When I came back to this country, a pilot came on board to take charge of the ship. Now a pilot has three duties. The first is, to pilot the ship into the harbor; the second, not to speak a word to the passengers; and the third, to have a newspaper in his pocket. I got hold of the newspaper, and the first sentence I looked at had the whole story of Kansas and the assault on Charles Sumner, all done up in a piece of paper about as big as a bullet—and it smote me down about as quick as a bullet. You remember that Horace Mann said, on one occasion, 'I was smitten down, as Paul was, though the light and the voice came from another direction' (Laughter.) So it was with me. I could not help speaking to the pilot; and he opened his mouth just to say that he had never seen such excitement among the people. I went up State street, and found all the Saints among the prophets. (Laughter.) The first broker I met asked me when a Convention would be held for a dissolution of the Union. I told him I did not know, but the sooner the better. I tried again and again to feel the sentiment of the people, and all seemed agreed. Still, I did not trust State street; I had seen that pot agitated a good many times, and I knew that, like Jack Downing's thermometer, it would bear a good many more tempests before it would boil over. (Laughter.) I went to Worcester, and tried the thermometer there, and I found it, as I expected, at blood-heat; and Worcester and I have been there ever since.

Mr. Chairman, I found, whatever might have been the past excitement, there was fresher cause of excitement, though the old great cause was behind it. It taught me no new lesson. I had studied the thing too long, and under too able teachers, to be astonished by what I saw. It was only the gradual drawing, step by step, sin by sin, act by act, of the great drama of a nation's Union and Disunion, nearer to an end. That was all; but that was much. How much that is! Have you looked lately at the early history of the American Revolution? If you have not, I advise you to do so. Take the Diary of John Adams, or Frothingham's 'Siege of Boston,'—the best picture of the early years of the Revolution,—and you will start back astonished to see how precisely, step by step, the earlier Revolution indicates and predicts the newer one that is coming upon us now. The same events, the same men, the same division of parties, only with new modifications of initials and details, and that is all. You find the same strange ignorance on the part of the people that there was any Revolution at all. Why, if you had taken a vote of the people, the day after the fight at Concord or at Lexington, or even at Bunker Hill, to see whether they expected the Revolution was coming or not, they would have answered no. Even after the Bunker Hill fight, which seems to us about the middle of the conflict, we find leading men expressing the opinion that there would be no separation, after all. Instead of somebody going round and announcing to all the world, 'Oyez, Oyez, there is a revolution coming!' we find that men are half way in a revolution before they know what is going on; just as even now, when the state of affairs is such that future historians will wonder that there was one man in the Union who could think the crisis could be avoided, we find men who look round in the midst of the impending crash, and say, like the man in the time of the flood to Noah, 'Go along with your old ark; it is n't going to be much of a shower.' (Laughter.) And you find in other points the same analogy between the old Revolution and the new one. You find the same caution in taking any positive action; the same willingness to submit even to outrages before taking such a step; even the same fact of arms and ammunition being taken away from the friends of liberty; you find the same shrinking back on the part of commercial and professional men, the same urging forward on the part of farmers and mechanics, and a portion of the clergy. You find at every point analogies between the old and the new; and that is enough to show you, if you have not thought of it before, what a crisis is impending. And then, when you look deeper, and compare the principles of the old and the new, you see that there are in two nations in Europe whose antagonism of principles is at all comparable to the conflict of principles going on in this country, which makes revolution. Revolution begins in antagonism. Here is a principle and there a principle, and they meet, and have got to meet, and that makes revolution. There is no such conflict of principles in all Europe as in this country. There is no such antagonism between England and Russia as between Massachusetts and South Carolina. There is no such spirit of freedom on one side as reigns on this platform; there is no such spirit of slavery on the other as reigns among the constituents of Mr. Brooks. There is no such contending conflict as ours, because there are no such principles to contend. We have got a spirit of slavery such as the world has never seen, and we must take the consequences of that; a spirit of freedom, also, such as the world has never seen, and we have got to take the consequences of that. You all know what slavery is; you all know, too, what freedom is among us now. Once there was a man who had a horse a little out of health, and he sent him to Vermont to recruit, and by and by, the Vermonter who had the horse under his care came down to Boston to see the man who owned him. The man said to him—'How is my horse? He was doing very badly before I sent him to you, and I feared he had a lingering disorder.' 'Yes,' said the Vermonter; 'the fact is he has been lingering among *fast* lately.' That is our condition; freedom is 'lingering *amazing fast*.' It is getting amazingly into the back-ground, even now, when we thought that it had gone so far back that it could go no further, except to sink into the earth and die. Deeper yet we have got to have this terrible warning of God ploughed into us, before we feel it, calloused as we are by our politics and our commerce. We have got to learn, by the terrible hand at Washington, the lessons which the more silent and subtle injuries of politicians have not taught before. It is amusing to see how men who have gone on for years without discovering that slavery was barbarism in their midst, have wakened suddenly to the fact with the assault on Mr Sumner. Was that any thing new, or what they never could have anticipated? I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but I remember saying some time ago, that we were rapidly lapsing into that condition of barbarism, when each man would have to rely on his own right hand for defence. But not the event proved the correctness of the prophecy! I acknowledge that the Slave Power is a little more astute than we are even in this, and contrives to attack us when our right hands are confined behind a desk, and cannot serve us. That assault on Mr. Sumner, however, has done more than all the outrages of the Slave Power put together to divide this Union, and for this reason: men will bear an injury to their principles or their interest more easily than a wrong done to their pride. I shall not enter upon any detailed remarks on that assault; but one thing I must say, in regard to a matter which grew out of that assault. Mr. Burlingame stands very differently now from what he did a few weeks ago. We all believe now that his character as a man of courage is vindicated. There is something, however, for which Mr. Burlingame has yet to account to Massachusetts. It is not merely his readiness to fight a duel,—newspapers and speakers enough have spoken of that,—it is something else. I saw in a newspaper, only to-day, that Mr. Burlingame had conferred this final good upon the world—he had settled, in the eyes of all men for ever, that Brooks was a coward. What I complain of Mr. Burlingame for is, that he injured Massachusetts, he injured freedom, he injured honor, by admitting, for a single instant, that that was a thing yet left open to be proved, after the assault upon Mr. Sumner. I charge it upon Mr. Burlingame that he has departed from the rules of the very barbarous code he claims to recognize, in for a moment entertaining the thought of meeting such a man as Brooks on equal terms. There never was a time in history, however barbarous, there never was a code, calling itself a code of honor, that recognized the claim of a man who had done what Brooks has done to meet men of honor on equal terms again—never! In the lowest days of chivalry, there was never a knight so brutal and blood-thirsty that he would have met a man like Brooks in equal conflict on the field. A different doom was reserved for men of his stamp. No matter what the man might have been; if he had been knighted by Bayard himself, if he had won his spurs on the cloth of gold, if he was found guilty of such an act, his golden spurs would have been hewn from his heels by the common hangman, and he would have been cast out from the society of honorable men. I tell you, men were so cast out; but in these times, even our Burlingame and Wilson, in denouncing such men, leave this fact out of sight, and recognize them as gallant men!

Mr. Burlingame said he saw some sparks of gallantry in Brooks. I say it is a foul slander on chivalry to say that that chivalrous age would have tolerated such a man as Brooks. Therefore I complain of Mr. Burlingame, that he has done for Brooks what Johnson said was done for a low fellow in his time. There was a man in London named Foote—a blackguard fellow;—I suppose his friends saw some 'sparks of gallantry' in him. One day Johnson met Foote; he was publicly kicked. Dr. Johnson expressed the utmost astonishment. Said he, 'the man is rising in his position. A week ago, there was not a man who would have stooped to kick him.' (Laughter.) Mr. Burlingame recognizing Brooks as a man of honor shows me into what a state of barbarism slavery has brought us, and how far men have lost the old simple sense of liberty and honor.

There is another side to this picture, however, Mr. Chairman. Side by side with this dark degradation going on for years, there has been a high and glorious principle erecting itself;—a principle as unexampled on its side as the baseness of slavery is upon the other. If there has been nothing in the history of the world so base as our slavery, point me, sir, to any thing in the world as noble, with all its faults, as the anti-slavery movement, of which we count it an honor if we may ever be the humblest part. Show me, among those countless revolutions which the patriotism of mankind has achieved for itself, one where a race has toiled through a revolution like that which is going on here, for another race of mankind,—a race deemed inferior, outcast, oppressed, demanding disinterestedness and self-devotion, not of its own, but of the more favored and privileged race, which finds it at last its highest privilege to aid the weakest, the most ignorant! I know of nothing like it. We have seen abundant instances of men laying down all that men held dear for their own ultimate good—for the good of their own families, their own nation, their own race. Show me an instance where an individual or a race has done what many here have done from the beginning, laying down ease, prosperity, popularity, power, all that most men call their lives for, not for the freedom of their own race, but for that of another. Take even this war in Kansas. The standard of freedom in Kansas is not what we would have it; but take it as it is, and show me a parallel to it in the history of the world! Compare it to the American Revolution. It was a tax on tea that drove our fathers to revolution,—nothing more than that, perhaps; but, mark you! that tax upon tea was imposed uponthemselves; *they* were to pay it. What tax has ever been imposed upon the people of Kansas? What have they been called upon to do that they did not want to do, except this one solitary thing? They were called upon to do the very thing our fathers were willing to do,—the thing that your John Mitchels, fresh from the struggle of European freedom, long to do,—to hold slaves; and they would not consent to do it. It is a new thing in history; a revolution, not to escape from being slaves, but to escape from holding slaves. That is it—nothing else. The only foundation for this revolution in Kansas is, that these men were unwilling to hold another race in chains.

We do not recognize those things, because we do not see how gradually the human race creeps on. We all feel, in our secret souls, the failure of this attempt on the part of our Republican friends. Even Mr. Sumner becomes weak when he attempts to show that all we want is to make a step backwards, and once again adopt the maxims of our earlier Presidents. It is not so, my friends. By as much as our later Presidents have fallen below the standard of those earlier ones, by just so much have the men of these days, who are not Presidents of the United States, but only *ought to be*,—you know who I mean,—risen above it. The standard of liberty on this platform—do you suppose Washington, Jefferson and Adams would have endorsed that? Do you suppose Washington, if he had been Governor of Massachusetts, would have signed the Personal Liberty Bill?—Washington, who, in the midst of all his noble self-devotion, was still so benighted as to send to Portsmouth for his fugitive slave—though I am happy to say he did not get her; the 'Father of his Country,' even, could not do that. Do you suppose Jefferson, or even our own Puritan John Adams, was an Abolitionist, as we try to be Abolitionists? If you read his Diary, you will see that in '76, he made a speech in Congress, in which he took the ground that it made no difference to the wealth and prosperity of a State whether one half of its population consisted of slaves, or they were all freemen. He said, in express terms, that he hundred freemen contributed no more to the material prosperity of a State than five hundred slaves. I know, that in 1776, he talked with a certain Maj. Sanford, of Virginia, when the Major asked him for a reason to make Virginia into Massachusetts—a thing needful then almost as much as now. Mr. Adams gave him those four ingredients—common schools—town meetings—training days—and ministers. He gave him these four points, and he made no allusion to slavery. He could not have forgotten it, because he had been talking to that very man on the subject a few days before. He mentions all these, and seems to overlook that which renders free schools impossible,—that gags ministers, and then opens their mouths to make them say things that cause us to wish they had always stayed gagged, (laughter)—that turns townmeetings and training days into greater evils. Yet John Adams stands highest among the first Presidents.

When I look at these things, I see that the picture is not entirely dark—that there has been a progress upward as well as a fall downward; and I see that by every step taken in each direction, revolution is made more certain, dissolution is made more certain. If it was madness to think to hold together the feeble, supplanting slavery and the young and undeveloped spirit of liberty of the days of the Revolution, what ten-fold madness to hope to link together the double-distilled and defiant slavery and the full-grown liberty of this last to-day! It is all idle. You cannot do it. And if you want to reverence those old Presidents, you must do it only on the sure principle on which Henry Ward Beecher proved himself a Calvinist. 'I believe,' said he, 'with Calvin; or what Calvin would have believed, had he lived in these days, and believed as I think he ought.' With that proviso, I go in for the principles of the earlier Presidents. But all that is idle. Even Henry Ward Beecher cannot make himself out a Calvinist, and even Charles Sumner cannot make us out reproductions of the earlier Presidents in our efforts for the slaves. If it were so, we have toiled in vain. When you link together liberty and slavery, the two ideas will grow and strengthen, and by and by you will have a crash in which these two will meet, and then it will be seen which has become the stronger, and whether slavery or liberty is to die.

Well, this is all disunion,—all treason. I hope you understand it. 'If this is treason, make the most of it.' I tell you, men get educated rapidly. I do not speak of myself; but I see all around me the progress men make. Every full-blooded Yankee naturally clings to the Union and to the law. Nay, Yankees are so far like the Devil-worshippers of the East, who have such superstition, that if you take a man and draw a ring round him on the ground, he stays inside of that ring until you take him by the hand and draw him out. He thinks the devils are around him, and is afraid to step out unless you have hold of his hand. So we stay inside this ring of Union, and shudder at the thought of even stepping beyond. You, Mr. Chairman, and others with you, have given us a hand to help us out. I thank you for it. It is the best thing that ever could have been done for the American people. Get a man once out of that superstitious reverence, and the laws of nature will take care of the rest. He gets on pretty fast after that. In the first place, he is willing, like Mr. Speaker Banks, in a certain contingency, to 'let the Union slide'; and then he lets the contingency slide. (Laughter and applause.) I remember, a good while ago, before the Free Soil movement of 1848, when our old sturdy Buckingham,—ill to be spared from the newspaper press,—the William Cobbett of that day and that work,—I remember how he, in his growling way, had been venturing upon something that, of course, offended some of his good friends in Boston,—and it would not have been good if they had not been offended,—and they said to him, on paper, 'If we pursue this course, the South will dissolve the Union.' The old man did not enter into much discussion about it. He said in type the next day—'Mr. Hillard (perhaps it was) says the South will dissolve the Union. Suppose they do!' That was all. Once get a man to say, 'Suppose they do,' and he has pretty nearly experienced religion. (Laughter and cheers.) Once get a man to calculate the value of the Union, and I tell you, the laws of arithmetic will take care of the rest. Now, calculating it thus, I tell you there is many a man who would shrink from the sound of the words, if he uttered them, who sees it with his eyes, and feels it in his heart. I know a Boston merchant, who would shrink from being called an extreme man, who I know to have said that he would give half his fortune to see a dissolution of the Union—and he is a man who never gave a promise to pay, without following it up. People see this growing emotion, and, not seeing far enough, say it is going to save the Union. I am not sure of this Union. I am not sure, even, that this part of the Union is to be saved. I think LIBERTY is going to be saved. I have no anxiety about the laws of God; they will take care of themselves. Whether they can confine men permanently in 'the body of this death,' with all the new spirit of liberty we have been bragging about, I do not know; and, with the sweeping firmament above me, I can almost say, I do not care. I trust God. We have none of us got to stay a great while here on this earth. As Governor Robinson said, in that brave letter of his, 'I apprehend, that the other side of the grave, Atchison, and Stringfellow, and the border ruffians have not a great deal of influence. We need none us of care much about them.' For ourselves, if we do not love our country, what do we live for? Have we not pledged ourselves, by coming here, that we love our country above all things but right? But we love right best; and if we believe in God, we believe in that. I see that nation after nation has struggled for the right, and failed. I see that every such failure has helped the world on,—not so much as a success, but still nobly. Look at the history of the early ages of England. See successive races one by one trodden down by despotic oppression—Cambrians, Britons, Saxons. See them pass one by one, each trusting in God that it would be saved, each crushed at last—for what? To bring out a nobler liberty in the end. Let us trust in the same way. Let us do what we can first. Why, there was one man, the last of the Saxon leaders in England, of whom it was said when he died, that if that man had lived ten years longer, the Normans would have gone out of England, and if there had been six such men, the Normans would never have come in. Let us each remember what magnetic power rests in each individual, who will trust himself and his great impulses. Let us remember the moral of that brave answer to the old despot, who said to the poet Anacreon, 'I had less difficulty in overcoming this nation than you will have in writing the story of it. I had so little, that I wonder how liberty can exist where there is one brave and resolute man in a nation.' 'And I,' said Anacreon, in answer, 'I wonder that tyranny can exist when a nation has in it *two* such men.' (Loud cheers.)

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

I am glad, Mr. President, as other speakers have expressed themselves, to hear from so many parts of the country to-day,—from so many different States. I am glad, sir, to hear the testimony of these different representatives of the anti-slavery sentiment. It is well known that on our platform, we accept the services of any man who hates slavery, no matter in what form he chooses to manifest his opposition. I was glad to see here, sir, glad to talk with, the devoted editor of the only anti-slavery paper in a slave State. I hope he will not go out of our gathering without carrying many remembrances of our interest in Kentucky with him. I do not know very particularly about his anti-slavery sentiments and method, but I have a very good test;—he has beaten down eight pro-slavery presses, and has been mobbed until they got tired of mobbing him. That is good anti-slavery! (Cheers.) The man who can draw so nice a distinction as to say, that often as he has been beaten, he never was whipped, has a very excellent notion of logic. (Renewed cheering.) I say, I accept all methods of anti-slavery. I well remember the description which Cassius Clay gave me of that meeting at Dripping Springs, to which our friend Bailey referred. I had asked him how public sentiment in Kentucky was, and he said—'We get on finely; we are wide awake.' I asked him to describe how, and the description is one which shows you what a large empire of mind this anti-slavery movement covers. The description was as unconscious, as child-like, as simple, as if one should attempt to describe this meeting, and say, 'We had thousands, and heard Higginson and Conway.' 'Why,' said Clay, 'at the Dripping Springs, we had a great meeting. I should think,' said he, 'there were a hundred bowie knives and seventy pistols.' (Laughter and cheers.) That was a Kentuckian's notion of a great meeting! I accept it; it was on his own level. It was a proof that the men who went there were in earnest, according to their own thinking.

This leads me to another point just here. There has been something said of Mr. Burlingame to-day. I do not like duelling. I think that the North does rightly when it frowns on duelling. I think that one of the great efforts of the anti-slavery press and speakers should be to show that the South is barbarous. Our labor for the next twelvemonth is to convict the slave territory as barbarous. We are to take this attack on Mr. Sumner, with its endorsement by the South, and convict fifteen States of barbarism. There is a great deal in words. I will call the House of Representatives a 'Chamber of Assassins,' while Preston S. Brooks sits in it, and the Senate likewise. I want to stamp fifteen States not only as slaveholding, but as barbarous. It is the fourteenth century. It is burning a man for opinions. It is the fire and stake which the Jesuits said was the only light by which truth could be elicited. It is worse than the Inquisition and its tortures, which the Jesuit teacher alone, of all the other punishments, suffered his pupil to behold four centuries ago. It is the barbarism of a corrupt faith, and a reckless and coward nobility. When Mr. Burlingame consented to accept a challenge, he borrowed an element from the barbarism of fifteen barbarous States. It was a great blunder. It sullied the position of Massachusetts, which stood untarnished in the hands of Sumner and Wilson.

So much I say; but, on the other side, I say this also. I have all along been willing to say to men who votes and who go into Congress—'I cannot vote—I should think it immoral; I cannot accept office—it would be a violation of right. But if there is any man that can vote, let him; if there is any man that can accept office, conscientiously, let him.' When Mr. Sumner entered the Senate, I said, 'In our view, he is perjured; but if he does not think so, in God's name let him enter and do his best!' So I say, Burlingame, when he stood in Washington, stood crowded and trampled in the dust. In God's name, if he could fight any where, let him fight! (Great applause.) On his own conscience be the responsibility of fighting, according to what he thinks right. I have no criticism, therefore, to make on the individual act. When he entered the House of Representatives, in my view, he did as foul, as immoral, as barbarous an act as when he accepted a challenge. I made a distinction in his favor when he went there, hoping that in the present state of the cause, he might—the dead somewhat burying the dead—do better than his fellows. So I say of his duel the same.

As to the Republican party, of whom our friend Conway speaks, I want also to say a word. Virginian though he was, he did not care to defend Mr. Jefferson, but he said, with admirable satire, that he was opposed to slavery in the abstract! Then he went on to say that our friend Fremont's great merit was, that he was a *progressive* man. How far has he progressed? Why, just thus far; just so far as the tomb of Thomas Jefferson! For in Fremont's letter, the best line is, that he is opposed to slavery in the abstract, and always was.

Mr. CONWAY—'And on principle.'

Mr. PHILLIPS—Yes, and on principle. But, at the same time, in that letter, very short as it is, he adds that he stands by the Constitution, which protects the slavery of the separate States, and is inflexibly opposed to any interference with it there. And his coadjutor, Mr. Dayton, undertakes to say, 'I stand where I have always stood. I have not changed.' Now, where did he stand? When Gov. Chase, of Ohio, moved, in the House of Representatives, to amend the Fugitive Slave Bill by making it inoperative in the territories, among the nays on that question is the name of Mr. Dayton. And on several other of the issues presented by the Free Soilers of that day against the Fugitive Slave Bill, stands recorded the name of Mr. Dayton among the seven, nine, the seventy or the hundred and twenty that successively beat down the Free Soil propositions. He stands where he did stand!

I value politics, Mr. President, not for the men whom it puts into office;—they do not do much good. I do not know any thing that Mr. Speaker Banks has done since he was Speaker, except write a very blundering note for his friend Mr. Burlingame—if he did write it. It was a great triumph, his election; I acknowledge it. For the first time, it ranged the North against the South. It showed us the crack. It was a great gain. But the man that went up—nothing. He has not done any thing; he has not been able to do any thing. If Mr. Fremont was President, I do not believe he would be able to do any thing more. I will tell you why. I asked Cassius Clay what he intended to do when he elected an anti-slavery President. This is what I understand to-day was the reply of Mr. Clay: 'I intend to lay it down as a principle, that no slaveholder, that no friend of slavery, in any quarter of the country, shall have an United States office. I will starve out the system. And,' said he, 'give me that principle, and four years to work it in, and I will fifty per cent. abolish slavery.' What say the Republican leaders to-day? The New York *Tribune*, when Fremont was charged with being a slaveholder, replied, 'What if he is? We have voted for slaveholders before, and we shall vote for slaveholders again.' Nobody pretends that if Fremont is elected, he will prohibit the employment of slaveholders in the various functions of the national government. This is not to be. What is the use of an anti-slavery President who is to know no distinction between the slaveholder and the non-slaveholder? If this government is worth fighting for, it is for the reason that when you get inside of it, you are to turn its guns against the enemy. But the Republican party lays down no such principle.

Now, as I said, I value politics, not for the men it elects, but for the discussion it permits. The canvass is worth a hundred fold more than the election. My friend Mr. Conway, in his pulpit at Washington,—a true man in a true place,—strikes a better anti-slavery blow than the best Free Soiler in the House of Representatives, because he is founded on the granite of an unmistakable position, and there is nothing between him and the Higher Law but God's own inspiration. (Loud cheers.) When a man enters the House of Representatives, when he enters the political canvass, the first thing he does is to say—'I go for the Union. I am no Garrisonian. I am no Disunionist.' 'Do'nt suspect me,' says a New York Republican journal, 'don't suspect me of being a Black Republican—I am only a *White* one.' What I criticise in the Republican movement is this. I want a platform, no matter who you take for your candidates, that shall drag the whole anti-slavery cause, moral as well as political, right into the centre of the cauldron of political discussion. Our friend from Wisconsin said, when he went home from New York, in 1848, he made political speeches in which he analyzed the whole moral aspect of the anti-slavery question, and that Wisconsin, when she joined the Barnburners of New York, joined them on a principle. You see the result. When the Barnburners traded themselves off, when John Van Buren fell in love with a Southern plantation, and denied every speech he had made, the moral anti-slavery of Wisconsin was found at Racine, with its hundred men—ninety muskets, ten blacksmiths—formed on the wharf at Milwaukie, making no speeches, asking no aid from Milwaukie citizens, but in silence, like a hundred ghosts, marching straight from the landing-place to the jail; and the first sound that was heard from that hundred Abolitionists was the sound of their hammers on the fetters of the United States. It was the noblest mob that history knows, for it was a *silent* mob! (Applause.) You know that when Solomon built his Temple, every stone of the fabric was hewn out of the mountain into beauty and proportion at a distance from Jerusalem, that the sound of no hammer should be heard in the holy place. So it was when the bright, consummate flower of radical anti-slavery bloomed on the soil of that young city, and yet so indignant, that, like the lightning-bolt of heaven, its first noise was the noise of success. It broke down the judiciary and army of the United States, and proclaimed Wisconsin in fact a sovereign, independent, and free State. (Applause.) O! if I could ever move from the dust of Boston, I would finish my pilgrimage on the soil of that young and gallant State that has earned the first and greenest laurel in the anti-slavery struggle between State sovereignty and the Union. (Cheers.)

That is what we want. It seems to me, that in turning its face to the territories, and taking up Mr. Fremont, the anti-slavery party is letting slide, not the Union, but all the anti-slavery gallantry, enthusiasm, principle and spirit that thirty years of effort have produced. Our friend Conway told us of a South Carolina minister who had been turned out of his parish, because he had refused to take part in a Brooks' meeting. I would rather have him for President than John C. Fremont, and I will tell you why. When you want to find obstacles, how do you go to work to find them? If this stream around us was like Niagara, pouring down with resistless torrent, and you wanted to find a rock, where would you go? Would you go to a spot level and smooth as the glassy lake before you? No; you would go to some spot where the waters rose up in leaps and boiled in a maelstrom. I take the whole life of Fremont, from boyhood to manhood, from South Carolina to the peak of the Rocky Mountains, from California back to Washington,—it is one unbroken, unopposed success; a summery, halcyon scene. I know he has battled with nature; with the frost and the snow, with starvation, with want,—all of that; but when has he battled as the unflinching advocate of an unpopular idea? When? Where is his life tossed into angry turmoil by the opposition of minds that he has roused against him? Never, but when he stole his wife! For once, he opposed a MAN. I think he did well (applause); but if every man who has got a good wife is to claim a place by the Presidential chair, Massachusetts will have a fine chair trade. (Laughter and cheers.) No; the opponent of granite, of snow, of want,—the pioneer, I acknowledge him; but not the pioneer in morals. Why, there is a head at Washington, silvered over with the battles of twenty years,—that of GIDDINGS, (cheers,)—that has stood through fifty anti-slavery fights. Fremont has yet to see his first. Take him up, and tell us that you selected the best man! O, no; you may have selected the most *available!* To me, it seems very like the story of the man in one of our Western States, who, insulted in the public streets, stood quite still and received another blow, when a bystander said, 'Why don't you fight him?' 'I don't want to do that,' said he, 'but I will make faces at his sister.' (Laughter.) Here is the anti-slavery cause, with four millions of clients, with the great questions of Cuba, the slave trade, slavery in the District, free speech, the abolition of slavery itself, and it is all put back—to what? The Fugitive Slave Bill—where? The Constitution of the United States—what? All vanished! The only issue presented to the public, the one, solitary issue is—KANSAS; and who does not know, that long before the 4th of March, 1857, Kansas may be a settled question, beyond the reach even of John C. Fremont? O, no; this Republican discussion stands just where the Whig discussion did, in the time of Texas. It has gone back there; and I really believe, Mr. President, that the political excitements of the last ten years have used up, yes, *used up*, all the moral anti-slavery that existed in the community; and the function of the Abolitionist is, to go back to the slave himself, to the moral aspect of the question, to the religious duty of the country. I rejoice in a Northern party, because perhaps it may give us freedom in the pulpit. Possibly, when these Northern States declare that slavery is a fit subject for the basis of a party, Northern clergymen may be willing to preach upon the subject. If they do, we may begin a moral education. My friend Mr. Higginson said this morning that slavery gagged the pulpit. I wish to God it did, for then we should not have such sermons as we hear. (Cheers.) If it would only gag these thirty thousand preachers, and keep them silent, it would be 'a consummation devoutly to be wished.' (Laughter and applause.) Silence—blank paper—instead of the *New York Observer*—what a blessing! (Renewed applause.)

That brings me to another question. Our friend from Wisconsin said they had no respect for office at the West. He supposed it was different here, on account of the great men that fill office. Why, he never heard of Gardner. (Laughter.) He never heard of what a Governor we have got; prepare to thank Heaven for him! If we could have three such Governors, there would not be a boy born within a hundred years from now, that could ever respect the Governor's chair. If we could continue to have Judge Loring on the bench and Gov. Gardner in the chair, we should arrive at the excellent state of Wisconsin and Illinois, where they respect a man for what he *is*, not for the office he fills. You know Prentiss, of Louisville, says you can see 'books in the *running Brooks*,' and you can find a blessing in Governor Gardner. That 's ingenious! Withdraw Col. Fremont, and put me up for President! You call him the 'pathfinder,' the 'discoverer,' and want to make him President. He is nothing to me, for I have discovered a reason for thanking God that Gardner was made Governor of Massachusetts! But I should almost begin to lose my faith in human nature if he could be elected three times. Is this the hour for Massachusetts to put Henry J. Gardner into that Governor's chair, when every man who deserves the right to vote, who is intelligent enough to vote, knows that he is a consummate hypocrite? Could you have seen him, as we saw him, in Faneuil Hall, when four thousand people came together to express their sympathy with CHARLES SUMNER, you would understand him. The Governor rose and commenced his speech, beginning a covert, hidden, insidious attack on Mr. Sumner. A growl went up from the three thousand men before him, that warned him off those premises, and he paddled his light canoe into other waters. (Cheers.) For a little while he went on, then he tried a second time, with another commencing criticism on Mr. Sumner's conduct in the last canvass,—upon the language of his speech, upon the temper and sincerity of his political conduct. Again came the growl of the crouching lion, and the Governor made back tracks again. Awhile he talked, as all of us on platforms are apt to do, saying nothing, and then veered round in the same direction. Again came the growl of the audience, and the Governor 'caved in,' turned round a short corner, and elaborated a compliment for the man he had been prevented from stabbing under the fifth rib. And now you want to make him Governor! We are going through critical times, the ship of state is in peril, and you are for putting a man into the pilot house whom you cannot trust even so far off as you can see him; a man who, if he did not have some dozen distinct and different reasons for telling the truth, would naturally tell a lie! O, if there is any thing the anti-slavery sentiment of Massachusetts is pledged to do, it is to utter its protest unmistakably in this hour, when anti-slavery needs every thing, against putting such a man as that again in nomination. It must not be! If there is any anti-slavery in the Free Soil party of Massachusetts, it will make itself felt. I know the arguments against it. I know the soothing talk of the wire-pullers, who say it is the best place to hide Gardner in, to prevent him from doing worse mischief. 'If we don't keep him in,' they say, 'he will try to get Sumner out. We don't know as we can elect any body beside him.' Then elect nobody. The vacant chair will be clean. (Loud cheers.) My mission to-day is to say to any Free Soiler who hears me, Save me from Governor Gardner! (Renewed cheering.) We will take any body, we will take nobody, we will pilot the ship without a Governor, but do not give us him. You may take the humblest man you can find, who never spoke, I will not say an anti-slavery word, but a true word, and he is better than Gardner. Three times to be elected Governor! Why, one would almost forswear his race. At the time I was commencing my speech against Judge Loring, Mr. Dana said to me, 'I cannot trust your doctrine that the people, the popular sentiment, the popular conscience, may invade the judicial bench.' I said to him, 'We can trust the people.' 'Nonsense,' said he; 'you know it's humbug. You can 't trust the people.' I believe, if Massachusetts elects Gardner three times over, I shall be half converted to Richard Dana's opinion. Why, we have tried him twice. He has insulted us, he has cheated us. The chair of State, like the boy's plummet, has touched bottom; for God's sake, let it begin to ascend! (Applause.) Where is his merit? What public good has he done that he deserves the nomination? A gasconading letter to the Governor of Alabama, published without any use for it, on the very eve of an election! If there is a man here who has a word to say for him, let him say it, in God's name, and then let Barnum take him and exhibit him round the Union as a man who still has faith in Gardner! (Cheers.) But they have nominated him. A small section of what was once his party have got together and nominated him, and the Republican papers generally are dumb.

Why, Mr. President, this fear has eaten out the heart of Kansas. Have you watched the Kansas Legislature? Have you watched the course of Col. Sumner? Nature took all the brain designed for the name, and gave it to Charles, and left the others nothing but limbs. (Laughter and cheers.) Did you mark the debate, when the United States troops marched to break up the Legislature? One of the speakers said, 'We will resist the Missouri ruffians, but we don't draw trigger against one of the Federal officers.' Why? 'It will embarrass our friends at Washington. They will nominate Mr. Fremont; we must not embarrass them. They are endeavoring to get the State admitted into the Union; we must not embarrass them.' As if striking a good blow ever embarrassed any body! As if letting the daylight through a scoundrel's body ever embarrassed a good cause! (Cheers.) And then, when the deed is done, to show you how Chesterfieldian they can be, they give *three cheers for Col. Sumner!* Did Hampden, Vane and Pym, did any of the leading men of the Long Parliament, when Cromwell turned them out of doors, go into the streets of London, and give three cheers for Oliver Cromwell? Is this my friend Higginson's gallantry of Kansas?—the etiquette of the drawing-room! [A voice—'Cheers for Pierce.'] Pierce! he is a decent man! Mr. Foss says he will cry sometimes, and if he sees a suffering man, and nobody is by to hinder him, will give him something. He has got a heart, when Jefferson Davis or Caleb Cushing is not by to hold it down. But this Col. Sumner, he acknowledges, in the face of the universe, that Mr. Secretary-of-War has scooped out his brain, and sent him there to Kansas like a broomstick, with his message written upon it. I say that Franklin Pierce, who creeps into a corner and shows he has a heart, is decent to the man who stands upon the platform of constitutional liberty for the world, and says, 'I am here to do the most unpleasant work in the world'—and does it! You all laugh at the boy who told his mother he couldn't go, for he was tied to the post, 'Who tied you?' 'I.' (Laughter.) Yet this Col. Sumner, whom the Kansas Legislature rewarded with three cheers, was the same boy, grown a little older. (Cheers.) When, when are we to teach men that it is in sentiments, in hearts, in ideas, that the strength of all opinions, of all causes, resides? That they should have hissed Mr. Sumner from Lawrence back to Washington, until the whole continent rang with one loud cry of contempt for the hound who had sacrificed the honor of a name,—which, after CHARLES SUMNER bore it, he ought to have feared to sully,—to the necessities of a diabolical Administration. (Enthusiastic applause.)

My friend Higginson was correct, he was truthful in the extreme, he was just, eloquent, sublime, when he told us that the best duel Mr. Burlingame could have fought was to say to Col. Brooks, when his message was presented, 'I fight with gentlemen; therefore, I have no answer for you.' (Cheers.) He might have stamped him with the contempt of Massachusetts, as beneath the code of gentlemanly satisfaction. It would have been better than killing him at Clifton House. I don't care if, according to my friend Conway, he had fought the whole South Carolina delegation afterwards. We cannot afford to spare Brooks. We want him to keep our contempt healthy and alive. (Loud cheers.) We cannot afford to have a decent man like Burlingame even blunder into acknowledging him gallant and chivalrous. No Massachusetts man must ever name him without rinsing his mouth immediately afterwards. (Applause.) When he raised Brooks into decency, Mr. Burlingame inflicted a foul insult on Massachusetts. So it is with regard to what has taken place in Kansas,—with regard to those Federal officers who undertook to be the tools of Franklin Pierce and Caleb Cushing. We must go back to the high honor of the olden times. Do you not recollect, when one of the Spanish grandees was ordered by the King to receive the Constable of Bourbon, a traitor to his King, into his own castle, he sent back a message, that the castle was open to him; that when the Bourbon entered it, the Spaniard would go out, and when the Bourbon left it, he would burn it to the ground, for no honest man's house should ever cover a traitor? That is what I call chivalry! [Loud cheers.] We need to educate the heart of the Northern people. It is too much eaten out by gain, by money, by material prosperity. My friend Mr. Strong was making a very acute criticism in conversation this morning, in regard to this matter—the difference in respect to character between the men of the Revolution and the men of our day, outside the anti-slavery struggle, in brave, earnest sincerity of principle, even on the mistaken basis of the settlement of that day. They knew what they wanted; they were men—sincerely earnest, gallant men; men that did not measure their words; men that hewed to the line; men who, when they had planted their feet, never took them up again; men that look forward to the stake, to martyrdom, rather than take back a word. The men of our generation are hucksters; they speak to-day, and take it back to-morrow; whisper at home what they would be afraid to have heard at Washington, and say at Washington what they would be afraid to have heard at home, and are politically dead when the two places meet and compare notes. [Cheers.] We are a huckstering, half-hearted, paltering, small-patterned, half-in-earnest race; none of the broad, intelligent, earnest, practical, devoted, in one sense, reckless, enthusiasm of the revolutionary day, except in those whom the anti-slavery struggle has stirred into life. Now, we are bound to keep that spirit alive; to let no political emergency, no compromise, swallow it up. Mr. Seward says the day of compromises has passed. I want a party on that basis. If Jessie is an Abolitionist, put her up for President [cheers]; but do not put her husband up, while he allows himself bound by a Constitution, that makes slavery in the Carolinas safe from the interference of the United States government. I have got beyond Constitutions and Unions. I want no man for President of these States, I will acknowledge no man as an anti-slavery candidate for any office, who has not got his hand half clenched, and means to close it on the jugular vein of the slave system the moment he reaches it, and has a double-edged dagger in the other hand, in case there is any missing in the strangulation. [Loud cheers.] I want a politics that inscribes on its banner 'Freedom—Justice!' and then, if they can find any room below them for 'The Constitution of the United States,' put it in; but Freedom first, Justice first. I hope Wisconsin will never join the Union again until we abolish slavery. I hope she will exhaust the whole catalogue of Smiths, and make them successively Chief Justices, before she takes Chief Justice Taney instead.

Massachusetts has got beyond its slavery to politics. The people are beyond the platform. I can tell you what the Free Soilers here are saying to each other, in answer to my remarks. They say—'O, that platform don't mean any thing. It does not matter much what the caucus says; *we* mean opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law; *we* mean an Anti-Slavery Constitution; we, the masses, are Abolitionists; this is only a pasteboard band we put out.' I know it. I know that in the ranks of the Republican movement there are Abolitionists who mean all this. But I know also, that during this Presidential canvass, all their friends want them to keep silent. They want them out of the way. They do not want that sort of sentiment avowed. But in that sentiment is the only element of progress. How long are we going to wait for the abolition of slavery? How many Fremonts must we elect President, before you consent to be educated to a higher level of anti-slavery? It is a very costly experiment, this education of yours. You get on very slowly.

If the anti-slavery spirit exists, let it speak out in Massachusetts, as it has done in Wisconsin. Go and elect a man for Governor who will march the Massachusetts militia down to Boston before another fugitive slave shall be taken out of the city. [Cheers.] Go and elect a man who shall replace Chief Justice Shaw with somebody that shall declare the Fugitive Slave Law unconstitutional. You have nominated Mr. Gardner. Suppose he is elected this fall. Chief Justice Shaw wants to resign; he has said to Gardner that he will resign whenever he finds any body to take his place. Two gentlemen of the bar have been applied to, and have declined; a third is named—the Professor of Law at Harvard College; the man who, within six months, read to his pupils an elaborate argument to prove the Fugitive Slave Law constitutional! Suppose Gov. Gardner re-elected; suppose Chief Justice Shaw, wearied with years and sickness, resigns, and Prof. Joel Parker is made Chief Justice. The office is for life. You have got another incubus on the State. It is a most critical period. Our Supreme Bench is to be filled within a year or two. Massachusetts has not elective judges; she has judges for life. Henry J. Gardner may die, and be forgotten; (thank God for the blessing of death!)—but he may leave behind him a Chief Justice that may last for forty years, and plague our children in years to come. Watch this central power of the government, that lies behind the Judiciary. We shall never redeem Massachusetts until we conquer the Bench. We want a Governor, we want a succession of Governors, that shall fill up that Bench with JOHN A. ANDREW, of Hingham, [cheers,] with JOHN W. BROWNE, of Boston, [renewed cheers,] and men of that stamp; lawyers, who have not yet parted with their hearts; men, who recognize Coke and Blackstone, but who also recognize the Higher Law above. Give us such a Bench as that, and, for one, I do not care what you do in Congress, for I will make this little State so hot that no slaveholder shall ever set foot upon it, and no fugitive slave in the country, even if he comes from the extreme point of Florida, shall ever find the climate too cold. [Loud cheers.]

The Judiciary, Mr. President, is the key to the Government. When the Stuarts wanted to subdue England, they began with the Bench. The Slave Power of this country long ago subjugated the Bench. The first effort of Massachusetts toward freedom will be to secure the anti-slavery independence of the Bench. Why did not Caleb Cushing and Franklin Pierce send a file of United States troops to take Mr. Booth, who edits a paper in Milwaukie? Why did not the District Judge issue his warrant, and sodder up that broken prison of his? Why does not the Cabinet at Washington endeavor to subdue the State of Wisconsin? I will tell you why. Because Chief Justice Smith, the Mansfield of America, stands on the threshold of the State, and beneath a judge who knows what State sovereignty means, the United States authority drops powerless. We want such a judge, and in order to that, we want a Governor.

Perhaps I have spoken as long as I ought, ['No, no;' 'go on, go on;'] but I entreat you, do not think us tedious. You do not live in Boston, all of you. You have not the daily nauseous sight of a Legislature and Governor all winter. You do not know what it is, when a fugitive slave stands chained in a Boston court-house, to have the solemn, disheartening conviction that there is not an Executive officer in the State who will do a Massachusetts act. If we could only have taken that court-house, and carried it round the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—if we could only have taken that Governor, as he stood on the platform at Faneuil Hall, and wanted to strike but dared not, and daguerreotype him in every town in the Commonwealth—you would not inflict him upon us again.

Mr. President, I acknowledge the value of politics,—moral, exclusively moral as would always be the method, individually, I should use. Yet still, that moral influence, that intellectual conviction, must flow out of the political methods of the State; and you Free Soilers, whom we are to meet for the next twelve months at our meetings, and who are going to complain, week after week, that Mr. Pillsbury, or myself, or Mr. Foss, or Stephen Foster, tears asunder your professions as an anti-slavery party, mark me! if you elect Henry J. Gardner, do not dare to show your faces within the girdle of an anti-slavery meeting, for we will make it too hot for you if you do. [Cheers.] In the name of him who has stood in the van of your political fight, and borne its brunt most fearfully, do not put behind him, at the head of the Massachusetts that he honors by representing, a convicted falsifier, a political hypocrite, an insidious assassin of your Senator, a man who cannot point to one good act with which to redeem the disgust of a public life! Forget him! Send him home! Allow him to vanish! that, if Massachusetts can ever be blessed with forgetting, she may once more be called a decent State! [Loud applause.]

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR IN ABINGTON.

The undersigned, in behalf of the Anti-Slavery friends in Abington, desire to call the attention of the friends of freedom in this and neighboring towns, to a FAIR, which they propose to hold the second week in September, in the Manamooskeagin Hall, at East Abington, in aid of the Massachusetts A. S. Society.

We therefore earnestly entreat all who have a heart to pulsate in sympathy for the wronged and outraged of our brothers and sisters, to aid us in the prosecution of this work by your counsel and such material assistance as your hearts may prompt, and your means allow you to bestow.

All donations of money, useful or fancy articles, children's clothing,—in short, anything saleable, will be gratefully received and most conscientiously appropriated to the promotion of the cause.

All communications should be addressed to Mrs. E. M. RANDALL, North Abington, Mass.

Donations for the above object may be forwarded to either of the undersigned, as shall best suit the convenience of the donors.

EMELINE M. RANDALL,	BETSY SHAW,
ANNA D. FORD,	BETSY LOUD,
SARAH FORD,	SALLY H. POOL,
HARRIET L. RANDALL,	ELLEN POOL,
AUGUSTA M. DYER,	AMANDA G. LOWELL,
ABIGAIL N. ARNOLD,	HANNAH SHAW,
HARRIET LINCOLN,	LUCY J. WHITING.

NOTICE. On account of the expected absence of the undersigned, in Pennsylvania, &c., for a number of weeks to come, all letters relating to meetings and lectures of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society may be addressed to JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, Worcester, Mass.; to whom also Agents are referred, for information wanted. On other business of the Society, address R. F. WALLCUT, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
General Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

August 5, 1856.

ONE HUNDRED ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have projected, and with the aid of Auxiliary Societies propose to hold, during the ensuing season, a series of ONE HUNDRED CONVENTIONS. These Conventions will be held in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.,—wherever, indeed, opportunity and means will allow. The Committee earnestly invoke the co-operation of the members of the Society, and of all Friends of Freedom and Humanity, in every part of the land, their sympathy and their contributions, that these Conventions may be rendered in the highest degree effective, and the presage of the near approach of the perfect triumph of Liberty.

☞ The series, which has already been commenced, will be continued as follows:

☞ PROVIDENCE, R

POETRY.

From the New York Tribune.

THE CALL OF KANSAS.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Sons of the men, who, long ago,
Planted their feet on Plymouth Rock,
There stood and faced a savage foe,
There braved and bore the battle shock,
Hear ye the cry from Kansas' plains?
Does your blood boil not in your veins?

That cry! does it not make you start?
The murderous shot came from the South!
The ball has struck your brother's heart!
His life-blood gushes from his mouth?
No more that brother shall ye see;
He spoke, he dies for Liberty!

Whoe'er of Freedom dares to blab,
Where Kansas for free labor calls,
Feels the Missourian's ruffian stab,
And, dead, on his own threshold falls!
The freeman, there, must bate his breath;
To speak of Freedom there, is death!

Slavery demands the sacrifice!
Her bullies deal the blow; and while
The murdered freeman gasps and dies,
Her perjured panders sit and smile,
On her high places, where they swore
That she should agitate no more.

Grasping and bloody is the hand
That Slavery stretches forth, to clutch
A region that she vowed should stand
Unscorched forever by her touch!
Look at the Fury's faith—her oath!
Her bloody hand has torn them both!

The bond, that bore her hated name,
That Freedom gave an empire for,
She 's snatched to light with it a flame—
The baleful flame of civil war!
Her troops, e'en now, are in the lists,
And 'war exists!' ay, 'war exists!'

Yes, it is war—the war of Cain,
Where Right is stricken down by Wrong,
Religion at her altar slain,
And the weak dies beneath the strong.
Let him, then, bear Cain's forehead brand,
Who sees the blow, nor lifts his hand!

Who, sitting in the highest seat,
And wielding a whole nation's might,
Sees Freedom bleeding at his feet,
And Wrong triumphing over Right,
And throws his sword into the scale,
To make red-handed Wrong prevail!

'Tis war! Then be it so! For aye
Has there been peace—or can there be—
'Twixt God and Satan?—Night and Day?
'Twixt black and white?—the bond and free?—
Belial with Christ in concord dwell?
Freedom with Slavery?—Heaven with Hell?

Ay! let WAR come, for come it must,
Or Slavery must her steps retrace;
Let hostile hosts the scales adjust,
Looking each other in the face!
In battle let the feebler fall,
And let the stronger have it all.

For, Kansas' plains, to Freedom vowed.
To Freedom shall belong—unless,
When the wind drives the battle cloud
Away, they 're left a wilderness.
Far better make those plains our graves,
Than leave them to be tilled by slaves!

Far better fall, in such a strife,
Than still to Slavery's claims concede:
Than crouch beneath her frown, for life,
Far better on the field to bleed,
To live thus is a life-long shame!
To die thus, victory and fame!

THE RUFFIAN RALLY.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Brother ruffians! ye who dwell
In your shanties built of logs,
All along the brink of hell,
Chain your 'boys!' unleash your dogs!
Don't remain at home for trifles!
Mount your horses! load your rifles!

All the winds from Kansas bring
Sounds that fill our souls with dread:
Woodmen's axes—hear 'em ring—
Labor earning its own bread.
That 's a church bell clanging yonder—
We must stop it—blood and thunder!

Children, at their a, b, abs,
Hear 'em in the wilderness—
That's a steam-mill sawing slabs—
That's a Free-Soil printing press:
They 'll destroy our Institution;
They 're our Union's dissolution!

Up and at 'em for your lives!
Kill their cattle—burn their sheds!
Stab 'em with your bowie-knives!
With your bludgeons break their heads!
If we let 'em grow much bigger,
They will leave us not a nigger.

Free State heroes at the East
Pass their *resolutions* strong;
Lawyer, politician, priest,
And professor swell the song.
They are mighty brave resolvers!
We have faith in Colt's revolvers.

Puritanic Yankee fools—
A psalm-singing, canting squad—
Meeting-houses build, and schools,
Trust in Christ, and pray to God.
Let 'em see, while at their altars,
Ruffian rifles—hangmen's halters!

String up on the nearest tree
The damned Abolitionist,
Prating *here* of liberty!
Give his cursed neck a twist!
Never fear; they dare n't attack us;
We have Uncle Sam to back us!

At elections we will crowd,
With our pistols, round the polls,
And not let 'em think aloud
At the peril of their souls;
And with our own votes and proxies
Stuff or smash their ballot-boxes.

Trust they in their laws or God's?
What care we for them or Him?
Our faith is in hickory rods,
Hemp well twisted, and a limb
Stout enough to hang a man on;
We believe in Pierce and Shannon!

While we plant, at every bend
Of Missouri's rushing flood,
Guns, whose every shot shall send
Down the stream their brains and blood,
Think ye that the lily-livers
Will get up our king of rivers?

Alabama! Carolina!
Our dear sister Arkansas!
Send your ruffians; help us twine a
Rope to throttle Freedom's jaw!
For, if we don't stop her clamor,
She 'll dissolve the Union, damn her!

Thus, on Kansas' cotton plains,
Shall triumphant Slavery stand;
Crack her whips and clank her chains;
Lording it o'er all the land—
And, along her smoking border,
Shout, 'Hurra for Law and Order!'

THE LIBERATOR.

A DISCOURSE,

Preached at Lunenburg Parish by its late Pastor,

W. G. BABCOCK.

'Wo to him that establisheth a city by iniquity.' HABAKKUK ii. 12.

He is our best friend who apprises us of our danger, and helps us to escape. God is such a friend. In his mercy, he has provided pain and distress to apprise us of our being out of the path of obedience and enjoyment. The object of Divine punishment is the benevolent one of leading the disobedient to change for the better. The sooner we are aware of our iniquities, the easier we can reform. Prevention is better than cure. The Savior came to prevent evil as well as to cure it. The longer we become habituated to any evil course, the less evil it seems to us. Some persons can tell falsehood after falsehood, without betraying or feeling the least shame at all. Some cannot see the iniquity of doing wrong on a large and respectable scale. Many a person is indignant at one who retails intoxicating liquor, who has no conscientious objections to the wholesale traffic. Many can see the wrongfulness of kidnapping one of their own children, who cannot see the wickedness of the African slave trade, or of the Fugitive Slave Act. Many can see the meanness of defrauding a washerwoman of her earnings, who can see no criminality in failing to pay thousands and millions of dollars to creditors. Many can see the propriety of preaching the gospel of uncompromising righteousness to one single trembling sinner, who cannot see the propriety of condemning the iniquity of a class of men, a party in politics, or a whole general government.

Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind. Let every one take heed to speak that which the Lord hath put in *his* mouth. There is room in the world for every style and color of preaching. Let those who think the gospel is aimed at individuals only, and not at whole kingdoms, labor to convert each man and woman and child, by private conversation, from bad principles. Let those who think the gospel means having the spirit of prayer and praise toward God, and has nothing to do with proclaiming man's duty to man or to the general government, attend undividedly to inculcating piety. Let those who believe the gospel has its woes to utter beforehand upon whole communities for their good, and for the good of posterity, as well as peace to impart to the broken-hearted and penitent, and love to the most abandoned, seek to divide rightly the word of truth, giving no intentional offence to any one, and contending earnestly for the right, without once losing his temper or his manhood.

The topics presented from the pulpit differ with the peculiarities of preachers and of the times. What comes natural and fresh from one person and at one time might be forced and artificial from another person or at another time. Those who are so constituted, or have been so educated as not to see any connection between the gospel and politics, between morality and law, between religion and the state, between Christianity and the right of every body to enjoy life, liberty and property, between Christ and human elevation and happiness, think it a perversion of the pulpit to pronounce its anathema upon gross immoralities and iniquities of a party or a government. They honestly and warmly protest against any such use of the pulpit. They cannot see that prophets in Hebrew times pronounced woes upon Israel and Judah, and that Jesus pronounced fearful condemnations upon Jerusalem and Pharisees—or, if they admit that, they cannot acknowledge the propriety of modern ministers, of young men, totally unacquainted with great state subjects, imitating Christ in *their* preaching. Again it may be said, let every one follow his own light. I most cheerfully bid God-speed to every honest man, and ask the same for myself.

In reviewing my own ministry, and the Christian ministry in general, my chief sorrow is, that more thunder and lightning against the wickedness of this country have not been employed. If we had had a purer and a more enlightened, a braver and wiser pulpit, for the last thirty years, our land would not be in her present distracted and deplorable condition 'Therefore, thus saith the Lord, Ye have not hearkened unto *me* in proclaiming liberty every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor. Behold, *I* proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine.' They that plow iniquity and sow wickedness reap the same. They who establish a government by iniquity, and continue to uphold it, must expect woes, tribulations and punishments. Wo to him, says our text, that establisheth a city or a government by iniquity. It does not require an education at the Law School, or experience in State Diplomacy, to decide upon simple questions of right and wrong. We have no evidence that our Savior was a Solon or a Hamilton, and yet he sat in judgment upon the chief rulers of his day. It requires no great ability to pronounce men-stealing and adultery and tyranny, oath-breaking for convenience' sake, compromising with sin for comfort's sake, sins against God and man, whether carried on by private individuals or by the United States Government. If it can be proved to the satisfaction of any unprejudiced mind, that the Union in this country was established by iniquity, that it was knowingly formed by allowing the African slave trade to be carried on for twenty years, by promising that all fugitive slaves should be delivered up to their masters, to be carried back into bondage, and that slaveholders should sit in full communion with freeholders in Congress, and receive more power by the fact of their holding slaves, then the wo of our text is strictly applicable to this Union, and to all who uphold it. The fact that the words slave and slavery do not occur in the Constitution of the Union, while every body knows that slaves and slavery are meant by the words 'three-fifths of other persons' besides free persons, and by the fugitive clause and the importation clause, only makes the Constitution more like a whited sepulchre, which indeed appears beautiful outward, but within is full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Said John Randolph, when the remark was made that the Constitution was not stained with the word 'slavery,' 'Would to God that our *consciences* were not stained!'

Our Union with slaveholders to carry forward their interests, as slaveholders, is as much worse than a Union with murderers and thieves and incendiaries, to carry on murders and thefts and house-burning, as slavery is worse than murder and theft and house-burning. I happen to be one who believes that real slavery, as it is defined by American laws, is the sum of *all* iniquities. It is not merely taking charge of unfortunate people, for their good, clothing and feeding and educating them as we do little children, and exacting merely such services as are equivalent to what we do in their behalf,—that is not slavery, though some slaveholders, I doubt not, *do* have just such respect and love and fatherly feelings towards their slaves. The objection to slavery is not, that no one can be a slaveholder, even in name, without being a Nero in cruelty, for many slaveholders are as kind and as caressing to their slaves as we are to our pet animals. The objection to slavery is not that slaves do not enjoy themselves; for perhaps there is no class, except the tribes of insects and birds and other lower animals, that enjoy themselves at times as freely as the slaves; and *this* is the objection to slavery. As Edmund Burke says, 'If you have made a *happy slave*, you have made a degraded *man*.' Slaves are not treated as *men*. Slaves are instructed by the lash to know no difference between themselves and beasts of burden—to know no will but their master's—to call no man master, not even God himself, except their human master—to feel no liberty to hold property, to contract marriage, to settle down upon a homestead, or to vote as citizens of a Republic. Slavery thus strips a man of all his human feelings and rights, reduces him to the condition of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. You may steal men, rob men, divorce husbands and wives, kidnap children, commit adultery and murder, if you are a slaveholder, and still call it no sin. You may withhold all the advantages of education and domestic and civil enjoyment from slaves, and call it no sin. Slavery is the sum of all iniquities; it is murder and adultery, stealing and felony, impiety and self-indulgence, injustice, lying and malice, impurity, impatience and hypocrisy, because it allows and fosters all these iniquities. They who uphold the Union which was formed with slaveholders to carry on their interests, the interests of slavery,—the iniquities of slavery among other things,—deserve the woes and condemnations of those who establish a city by iniquity. If any one can deny that the Union was established by promises to carry on slavery for twenty years, and to secure the right of slaveholders to represent three-fifths of their slaves, and to deliver into slavery those who were manly enough to flee from it, then our conclusion is unjust. Otherwise, the sentence of Almighty God against this slaveholding Union is a just one. If we would escape its doom, we must repent, and aim at the immediate dissolution of our partnership with slaveholders. There is no hope nor peace for those who continue in sin.

LETTER TO JEANNE DEROIN,

EDITOR OF 'WOMEN'S ALMANAC,' PUBLISHED IN LONDON.

EAGLESWOOD SCHOOL, May 21, 1856.

DEAR FRIEND:

For as such, I must hail, with all the warmth of sisterly affection, one who is laboring for the cause of humanity, laboring to bring about that regeneration of the race which is to be effected by the intervention of woman, appropriately styled 'God's last, best gift.' Your Almanacs for 1853 and '54 have recently fallen into my hands, and I have greatly enjoyed the perusal of them. I fear, like almost all our efforts to sustain a periodical devoted to the elevation of woman, that has failed to receive the support necessary to maintain it. One reason doubtless is, that the men hold the purse-strings, and rightly so, since by their labor chiefly the purses are filled; but principally because of the little interest felt by women in this great reform. If women were prepared to prosecute this enterprise in a noble, generous, self-sacrificing spirit, there would be no difficulty; but that they are not is too sorrowfully true to admit of a doubt. Progress, as you justly observe, 'Progress, which is the principle of life and activity in the universe—Progress, whose potent march nothing can arrest, advances painfully through torrents of blood and tears.' It is manifest that our present task is to arouse our own sex to a sense of their debased condition, to a willingness to shake off the chains of sloth and self-indulgence, to wake to their fearful responsibilities, and offer themselves a willing sacrifice on the altar of Human Rights. Alas! wo is me, for the daughters of my people worship the goddess of fashion, and burn incense to the queen of their idolatry, the Parisian milliner and mantua-maker. In vain you look through the ranks of our Women's Rights women to find in their dress a response to the principles they advocate. With few exceptions, they are the followers, if not the devotees of fashion, and expend as much in the adornment of their persons as women ordinarily do in the middle ranks of life—and from this class we almost all emanate. The great question, then, is—How can we help women? How turn them from the frivolities which enlist their affections and occupy their time—how touch the chord that will vibrate in the centre of their being, and rouse them to that grand ideal of what woman ought to be, what she ought to aspire after, what she is destined to be—that grand ideal of humanity, whose glorious outlines can only be filled up by the development of the race?

Hitherto, woman has seemed to expect, that the repeal of onerous and disgraceful laws will instantly, as by magic, prepare her to enter on new fields of usefulness and duty. So thinking, she doth greatly err. The repeal of every unrighteous statute cannot do for her the inner work which must be done, ere she can move the lever which will elevate humanity. I do not mean that she is not to labor for the revocation of partial and unjust laws; but while intent on this object, let her see to it that she is preparing herself to aid in the enactment of such as will be a blessing to the whole world. Let her *patiently and wisely study the past*, she will see that she has no cause of complaint against her brethren; that she, as well as they, have worked out the problem of life according to the development of each; that men have done for us in by-gone ages what seemed best and wisest for the general welfare. The lower elements of our natnre being more largely developed in men, they were greatly our superiors in physical strength; and as every thing finds its level, we naturally fell into that subordinate station which best suited our capabilities of action. This epoch was the reign of animal power, but the exercise of this power unfolded the intellect, because the various means necessary to compass certain ends, improved and strengthened the thinking faculty, called forth ingenuity, set in motion, more or less, all the powers of the mind. Hence we find man in the field of intellect, as in the camp and in the court, the superior of woman, the arbiter of her fate, the framer of the laws by which she was governed, and justly so, because in those points first in the order of human development, man had arrived much nearer the fulness of strength than woman, who was yet in her infancy, or in the immaturity of youth. During these stages of human progress, man, notwithstanding the almost exorescent growth of his animal propensities, exercised a kindly care, a fraternal solicitude, to spare woman from those hardships, both physical and mental, which he had to endure. Woman has been in all ages the recipient, man the giver. He has been the guardian, she the guarded. Even among savage tribes, this is, to some extent, true. I am aware that there is another side to the picture; at another time it shall be exhibited, and dwelt upon as its importance merits; but the limits of this letter do not permit me to descant upon it, and I pass it over the more willingly, because it has been held up to view in almost every possible light, and because it does not materially alter my statements.

Another phase of humanity is now before us. Woman, who has been hidden from the public eye, is now summoned to the theatre of action. Let her go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord. She will see the meaning of what the prophet saw—'A great and strong wind passed by, and brake the mountain, and rent the rock in pieces, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire, a still small voice.' Man has exhibited on the arena of life the wind, the earthquake and the fire. He has let loose his stormy passions, he has trampled in the dust and ground to powder with the hoofs of his battle-horse the rights of his fellow-man, he has caused the mightiest kingdoms to quail before the breath of his nostrils, to quiver like a reed shaken by the wind; he has swallowed up in his love of supremacy the sacred distinction between matter and mind, and whelmed all in one common ruin, to render mankind subservient to his will. Has man, then, tyrannized over woman more than he has tyrannized over man? Let the army of martyrs answer. Let the thunders of a Luther's voice, the dying agonies of Jerome of Prague and John Huss and million others, who testified against the usurpation of tyrants, answer the query. The response will come, like deep answering to deep, reverberating from age to age, proclaiming that man has oppressed man with as much, nay, more severity, than he has oppressed woman. And here let me ask if woman has not been but too faithful a copyist of man, and exercised, in her narrow sphere, an authority as arbitrary and imperious as man?

Let us, then, not blame the past,—a past ordained by the changeless laws of God,—a past which was necessary to the glorious future, as all the previous stages of the infant and the struggle for birth are necessary to the production of a perfect child. Let us rather look at the radiant advent before us, the advent, not of one Messiah, but the advent of the day foreshadowed by Christ, when the feminine spirit, the spirit of love and of holiness, shall be embodied in the character of woman, and through her the brotherhood, I would rather say, the sisterhood of the race be acknowledged and lived. If woman would do her work in the most perfect manner, she must be the still small voice of God. She can gain no moral victory, except she be endowed with 'power from on high.' To prepare her for her mission, what infinite pains has Jehovah taken! He has hid her in the hollow of his hand from the devastating effects of military glory; he has shielded her from the corrupting influence of irresponsible power; he has saved her from the arduous, wearing, health-destroying intellectual efforts which man has been compelled to make in the toilsome and difficult task of elaborating mind. He has been her forerunner—the John Baptist of humanity. She is now reaping material and intellectual fields she did not sow, and enjoying a rich harvest from those labors she did not participate. Gratefully, most gratefully, do I recognise the ceaseless labors of man. Thankfully do I partake of the fruits he has cultivated. In rendering him honor, I feel that I render it where honor is due.

But man has now arrived at a crisis where his prowess as a warrior is nearly useless, when the attainments of intellect, however grand, the discoveries of science, however important, do not fill up the wants of his being, and he longs unspeakably, irrepressibly, for the development of that higher, holier element of his being, his rational or spiritual nature, which will elevate him to the ideal so beautifully described by the Psalmist—'Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, Thou crownedst him with glory and honor.' If man has been thus gradually ascending in the scale of being, if the untutored savage has been transformed into the civilized man, if the warrior has sheathed his sword in accordance with the demands of his nobler nature, if the war ship has been changed into the merchant vessel, if all betokens progress, and the watchword of the advanced guard of humanity is 'Excelsior,' has not woman shared in the general improvement? Has she not risen in intelligence and virtue? Is not her conception of 'woman as she should be' broadened, deepened and elevated? Is there not in her heart a responsive thrill to the voice which is calling the race to Progress, to Liberty, to Equality? Who can doubt it? The same divine hand which so long shrouded her in the secret of Jehovah's pavilion, has sustained her through every refining process, and although the furnace has oftimes been heated seven times hotter, God has ever been near to save the pure gold; and now that He begins to see His own image reflected in the molten metal, He rejoices, and is preparing to take it from the crucible, and coin and stamp and circulate it through the social mass.

The sufferings of woman, her trials, her baptism, are whelmed in the Lethean tide. The world can never know, except through inference, the dangers and the darkness of the path she has trodden, but the discipline has not been lost upon her. It was exactly what she needed to prepare her to usher in the day when Love will reign; when woman, having none but righteous ends to gain, will not stoop to artifice and circumvention, but will accomplish her purpose by philosophy and religion. Let her, then, labor, courageously, incessantly, hopefully, to redeem herself, that she may be worthy to aid in redeeming her brethren. Hitherto, the history of man has been written in blood,

'Spotted o'er with human blood,
And big with crime and strife.'

The history of woman has been written in tears. May their future united history be radiant with deeds of benevolence, Love and Unity!

SARAH M: GRIMKE.

From the Boston Telegraph.

BROOKS AND KEITT RE-ELECTED.

A despatch from Columbus, S. C., dated the 30th, says:

'The elections in Messrs. Keitt and Brooks's districts have resulted in the unanimous re-election of both. A very large vote was cast.'

This of course puts an end to the absurd stories of the doughface prints, such as the Boston Courier and the New York Journal of Commerce and Express, that the attempted assassination of Mr. Sumner was not approved at the South. Both of these Palmetto heroes addressed their constituents, and claimed a re-election on the express ground that they had done right.

The response of Brooks's constituents is now known. The act and the actor are both sustained. Not only the bludgeon-bearer himself, the great Brooks, but little Keitt also, whose only share in the transaction consisted in standing by with his cane flourished in the air, to keep off intruders, is also re-elected. There can be no controversy hereafter as to the position of South Corolina in relation to the Sumner assault.

Some persons have expressed the opinion that if Brooks's constituents had been made acquainted with his escapade in the Burlingame affair, they would have hesitated about re-electing him. Such persons exhibit a woful ignorance of the character of the 'chivalry.' The better part of valor is discretion, says Falstaff; and this wise saying has evidently been received by the South Carolinians in its fullness and completeness. Brooks's idea of his duty is compromised in the following statement, which we extract from his address:

'When I accepted, fellow-citizens, the commission to represent you, I felt that you had entrusted your honor to my care, together with your interests. Upon the instance of my first election, the responsibilities of my new position weighed heavily upon me. I found relief, however, in the reflection that, although a beneficent Creator had vouchsafed great intellectual endowments to comparatively but few of his creatures, yet that he had constituted every man of common sense with power to be just, loyal, and true; and I silently vowed that though nature should deny me the privilege of adding even an humble intellectual flower to the chaplet of South Carolina, I would be a sentinel to her honor, and guard the glories with which better and abler men have graced her brow.

On the 19th and 20th of May last past, a Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts falsified her history and defamed her character. I remembered my resolve, and performed my vow.'

The amount of which is, that if Senator Butler has not got enough brains to answer Mr. Sumner, Representative Brooks has got a supply of bludgeons which will answer the same purpose more effectually. How, we ask, is Brooks to 'guard the glories' of South Carolina, and perform his 'vow,' unless he takes a proper degree of care of his personal safety? Suppose he had disregarded Edmundson's advice, and had attacked Mr. Sumner before he had reached the Senate chamber? The probability is, as Edmundson suggested to him, that he would have got soundly flogged. In that case the 'glories' of South Carolina would have been unguarded, and the 'vow' unperformed. It would not do for the two chivalrous heroes to leave anything to chance; so the opportunity was taken when Mr. Sumner was at his desk, and wholly incapable of resistance. The facts in this case must have been sufficient evidence to Brooks's constituents, that in no case would he peril his own precious personal safety for the purpose of guarding their glories. The escapade in the Burlingame affair will therefore unquestionably meet with their approbation, as being in perfect keeping with the whole course of their champion. How could Brooks remain a 'sentinel' to guard the 'glories' of his State, if he placed himself within range of Burlingame's rifle? How could he 'perform his vow,' to avenge Sumner's rhetorical slaughter of his Senatorial relative, and Sumner's awful exposure of the Revolutionary imbecility of South Carolina, if he ventured into 'the enemy's country,' and within reach of Northern bailiffs and constables?—These things must be considered. Brooks set out on his career, as he says, with a distinct purpose, viz: to murder every man who should insult his State. But murder is a work of some danger.—Only one opportunity has yet presented itself to Brooks. Sumner is the only man who has been caught unarmed and imprisoned in his desk. Burlingame is always on his guard, and no doubt as ready for an ambush as for the open field. What could Brooks do? We must not require impossibilities. He has answered the expectations of his State better than any other of her sons. If the two Senators and the other five members of the House had each bludgeoned his man, quite a 'hole' would have been made in the free State forces, and South Carolina would have been amply avenged. Brooks has done more than his share, and deserves a re-election.

A FOE WORTHY OF HIS STEEL!

If Mr. Brooks is desirous of fighting somebody from Massachusetts, he can have a chance. There is one person in the State ready to engage in deadly conflict with the chivalric gentleman from the South, as will be seen by the following letter in the Boston *Journal*, written by a lady of Concord, who describes herself as 'an old woman who has almost finished her course, and become indifferent to cast and all the distinctions of society.' She offers to meet Brooks on as favorable terms as he met Sumner. She says:—

'I will meet Preston S. Brooks in deadly combat. I understand that by your code of honor, the challenged has the right to choose place and weapons. I stipulate to meet him in any place that he shall appoint. He shall be seated in an arm chair, and confined by a desk, or any other fixture, provided it is strong enough, and placed in front of the chair in such a manner as to make it impossible for him to rise to his feet until he is able to tear up the fixtures while seated with his arms pinioned by the chair. He shall be armed with a good gold pen, and all his friends shall be moved out of sight and hearing.

I will appear on the ground at the place and time appointed, armed with a new broom handle, which I will submit to the inspection of any third person, who may be appointed by my antagonist, and who may ascertain beyond doubt that it is not made hollow, concealing any blade which on pressure may spring out and act as a tomahawk; and I pledge my word that I will take no advadtage of him by surprise, or in any other way, such privileges being monopolized by the chivalry of the South. I will have no second to guard the avenue to the field of fight, nor any *third*, with a cudgel and pistol, to guard me from that terrible gold pen, with diamond point.

Mr. Brooks and his friends cannot object to my terms, for I have adhered closely to the code of honor by which he is guided in the noble outpourings of his valor and patriotism.'

For time and place of meeting, and other arrangements 'outside the district,' Mr. Brooks will please address 'Elizabeth Mates, Concord, Mass.' The newspapers will keep the matter secret, that no arrests be made by the Marshal.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

TUNE—'*The frog he would a wooing go.*'

Bully Brooks he would a-fighting go,
Heigh ho! says Bully;
I'm full of valor and froth, you know,
Just give me a club and an unarmed foe,
With my roly-poly, gammon and dodging,
And I'll show them Brooks the Bully.

Bully Brooks crept into the Senator's hall,
Heigh ho! says Bully.
He found a man sitting not far from the wall;
He saw he was armed with nothing at all;
So he pounded his head till he saw him fall,
With his roly-poly, gammon and dodging;
Bravo for Brooks the Bully!

Up jumped a man named Burlingame,
Heigh ho! says Bully.
He said such things were a burning shame;
He called the deed by a cowardly name,
As a roly-poly, gammon and dodging;
And he showed up Brooks the Bully.

Quoth Brooks, 'I wonder if he will fight?'
Heigh, ho! for Bully.
'They say he won't, if I send outright;
At any rate, I'll venture to try 't,
With my roly-poly, gammon and dodging;
We will get off Brooks the Bully.'

But Burlingame he toed the mark,
Heigh, ho! for Bully.
'We'll be off to Canada straight in the dark,
There's an underground road that's safe as the ark,
No roly-poly, gammon or dodging,
But a rifle for Brooks the Bully.'

Bully Brooks looked round as if he'd been shot,
Heigh, ho! says Bully;
The way is long, and the weather is hot,
There are bulls and bears, and the d—l knows what;
I never liked rifles, indeed I do not!
If you catch me in Canada, I'll be shot,
Where my roly-poly, gammon and dodging
Won't save poor Brooks the Bully.

We talked and published, like flocks of geese,
Heigh, ho! says Bully,
Till they bound us over to keep the peace;
And now I am feeling much more at my ease,
And my roly-poly, gammon and dodging,
Will pass in the State of the Bully.

THE PAT-RIOT-ISM OF AN IRISHMAN AT THE SOUTH.

From the New-York Tribune.

Mr. Joseph Brenan, one of the Irish exiles of 1848, manifests his poetical genius and that love of human liberty for which, as nobody can deny, he left his native native land, by a 'Ballad for the Young South' in the columns of the New Orleans *Delta*, from which we take the following elegant extract:

'Hark to the howling demagogues—
A fierce and ravenous pack—
With nostrils prone, and howl and bay,
Which run upon our track!
The waddling bull-pup Hale—the cur
Of Massachusetts breed—
The moping mongrel, sparsely crossed
With Puritanic seed—
The Boston bards who join the chase
With genuine beagle chime,
And Sumner, snarling poodle-pet
Of virgins past their prime;
And even the sluts of Woman's Rights—
Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart all—
Are yelping shrill against us still,
And hunger for our fall!'

We think nobody will dispute that the muse of this New-Orleans Joseph draws from the love of slave-breeding and the slave-trade, as they are seen in that luxurious city, a most congenial inspiration. The Young South, whose great exemple seems to be Mr. Preston S. Brooks, cannot desire a better bard than this martyr of Hibarnian freedom, to whose high-flown imagination his friend, John Mitchel's desire for a lot of fat niggers in Alabama was prosaic and common-place. But our readers must not do this negro-worshipping poet the injustice to suppose that his talent is confined to blackguardism. Here is another stanza of a fighting character, desperate enough even for the famous and bloody day of Slievegammon itself:

'Sons of the brave! the time is come
To bow the haughty crest,
Or stand alone, despite the threats
Of North, or East, or West!
The hour is come for manly deeds,
And not for puling words—
The time is past for platform prate—
It is the time for swords!
And by the fame of John Calhoun,
To honest truth be true;
And by old Jackson's iron will,
Now do what ye can do!
By all ye love, and all ye hope,
Be resolute and proud,
And make your flag a symbol high,
Of triumph—or a shroud!'

It does not altogether appear from this outburst what Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar propose to do about it. Probably, too, they are neither of them precisely aware that the names of Calhoun and Jackson do not very well go together, and that it is not the moment to talk of nullification 'with naked steel in hand,' just as a South Carolinian, of Jacksonian nerve and devotion to the Union, is about to be elected President. What is the use of such ballads for the Young South? As if the Young South cared anything for nonsense of that description. Why, letters are daily received from gentlemen, young and old, of the highest respectability at the South, declaring their earnest desire for the success, at this crisis, of the original Jeffersonian policy of Slavery Restriction. Of these letters, that of the Hon. Adam Beatty, of Kentucky, lately published in our columns, is a sample. Indeed, it is currently reported, though we have no means of saying with how much truth, that Col. Fremont is constantly in the receipt of applications for office from all parts of the South, a clear indication, if it be true, that even with Mr. Millard Fillmore for its orotund advocate and orator, and Mr. Joseph Brenan for its inspired singer, nullification, with its direful consequences of civil war and the overthrow of the Union, has as little hold on the Southern people as on those of the North.

If a general exportation of fools should ever take place from New-Orleans, it is hardly possible to doubt that Mr. Joseph Brenan will be included in the invoice.

HON. GERRIT SMITH UPON COL. FREMONT. The Ex-County Clerk and other Buchaniers hereabout, (says the Madison Co. (N. Y.) *Journal*,) having started a story that Col. Fremont was a slaveholder, that he had sold one hundred slaves only a year ago, &c., L. B. Kern, Esq., of Morrisville, addressed a letter to the Hon. Gerrit Smith, inquiring as to the truth of the charge. The following is Mr. Smith's reply:—

PETERBORO', June 20, 1856.

L. B. KERN, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—I am personally acquainted with Col. Fremont and his wife. They are *both opposed to slavery*. I know from her own lips that she is strongly opposed to it. It may be, *but I do not think it possible*, that Col. Fremont has been a slaveholder.

Mrs. Fremont once told me that her mother taught her children to dislike slavery. She was the wife of Col. Benton, and the sister of Gov. McDowell, of Virginia.

Respectfully, your friend,
GERRIT SMITH

THE GREAT HEART. Gerrit Smith has just pledged himself to give $1500 a month, for the next twelve months, to aid in establishing freedom in Kansas. He gave, but a short time since, at the Kansas relief meeting in Albany, $3000. Prior to that, he had sent about $1000 to the Boston Committee. Out of his own funds, he subsequently equipped a Madison County Company of one hundred picked men, and paid their expenses to the distant territory. At Syracuse, he made a votive offering upon the altar of Liberty of $10,000. When the generous subscription made yesterday at Buffalo shall be complete, this 'Champion of Freedom' will have given at least $40,000 to make a Republican State out of the slavery-coveted Kansas Territory. Great-hearted man! There is no doubt of your place in the history of American Republicanism.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

AYER'S
PILLS
Are curing the Sick to an extent never before known of any Medicine.

INVALIDS, READ AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES.

JULES HAUEL, Esq., the well-known perfumer, of Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, whose choice products are found at almost every toilet, says,—

"I am happy to say of your CATHARTIC PILLS, that I have found them a better family medicine for common use than any other within my knowledge. Many of my friends have realized marked benefits from them, and coincide with me in believing that they possess extraordinary virtues for driving out disease and curing the sick. They are not only effectual, but safe and pleasant to be taken—qualities which must make them valued by the public when they are known."

The venerable Chancellor WARDLAW, writes from Baltimore, 15th April, 1854,—

"DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have taken your Pills with great benefit, for the listlessness, languor, loss of appetite, and Bilious headache, which has of late years overtaken me in the spring. A few doses of your Pills cured me. I have used your Cherry Pectoral many years in my family for coughs and colds with unfailing success. You make medicines which cure, and I feel a pleasure to commend you for the good you have done and are doing."

JOHN F. BEATTY, Esq., Sec. of the Penn. Railroad Co., says—

"*Pa. R. R. Office, Philadelphia, Dec. 13, 1855.*

"SIR: I take pleasure in adding my testimony to the efficacy of your medicines, having derived very material benefit from the use of both your Pectoral and Cathartic Pills. I am never without them in my family, nor shall I ever consent to be, while my means will procure them."

The widely renowned S. S. STEVENS, M. D., of Wentworth, N. H., writes,—

"Having used your CATHARTIC PILLS in my practice, I testify from experience, that they are an invaluable purgative. In cases of disordered functions of the liver, causing headache, indigestion, costiveness, and the great variety of diseases that follow, they are a surer remedy than any other. In all cases where a purgative remedy is required, I confidently recommend these Pills to the public, as superior to any other I have ever found. They are sure in their operation, and perfectly safe—qualities which make them an invaluable article for public use. I have for many years known your *Cherry Pectoral* as the best Cough medicine in the world, and these Pills are in no wise inferior to that admirable preparation for the treatment of diseases."

Acton, Me., Nov. 25, 1855.

"DR. J. C. AYER. Dear Sir: I have been afflicted from my birth with scrofula in its worst form, and now, after twenty years' trial, and an untold amount of suffering, have been completely cured in a few weeks by your Pills. With what feelings of rejoicing I write, can only be imagined when you realize what I have suffered, and how long.

"Never until now have I been free from this loathsome disease in some shape. At times it attacked my eyes, and made me almost blind, besides the unendurable pain; at others it settled in the scalp of my head, and destroyed my hair, and has kept me partly bald all my days; sometimes it came out in my face, and kept it for months a raw sore.

"About nine weeks ago I commenced taking your Cathartic Pills, and now am entirely free from the complaint. My eyes are well, my skin is fair, and my hair has commenced a healthy growth; all of which makes me feel already a new person.

"Hoping this statement may be the means of conveying information that shall do good to others, I am, with every sentiment of gratitude, Yours, &c., MARIA RICKER.

"I have known the above-named Maria Ricker from her childhood, and her statement is strictly true.

ANDREW J. MESERVE,
Overseer of the Portsmouth Manufacturing Co.

CAPT. JOEL PRATT, of the ship Marion, writes from Boston, 20th April, 1854,—

"Your Pills have cured me from a bilious attack which arose from derangement of the Liver, which had become very serious. I had failed of any relief by my Physician, and from every remedy I could try; but a few doses of your Pills have completely restored me to health. I have given them to my children for worms, with the best effects. They were promptly cured. I recommended them to a friend for costiveness, which had troubled him for months; he told me in a few days they had cured him. You make the best medicine in the world, and I am free to say so."

Read this from the distinguished Solicitor of the Supreme Court, whose brilliant abilities have made him well known, not only in this but the neighboring States.

"New Orleans, 5th April, 1854.

"SIR: I have great satisfaction in assuring you that myself and family have been very much benefited by your medicines. My wife was cured, two years since, of a severe and dangerous cough, by your CHERRY PECTORAL, and since then has enjoyed perfect health. My children have several times been cured from attacks of the Influenza and Croup by it. It is an invaluable remedy for these complaints. Your CATHARTIC PILLS have entirely cured me from a dyspepsia and costiveness which have grown upon me for some years: indeed, this cure is much more important, from the fact that I had failed to get relief from the best Physicians which this section of the country affords, and from any of the numerous remedies I had taken.

"You seem to us, Doctor, like a providential blessing to our family, and you may well suppose we are not unmindful of it.

Yours respectfully, LEAVITT THAYER.

"Senate Chamber, Ohio, April 5th, 1854.

"DR. J. C. AYER. Honored Sir: I have made a thorough trial of the CATHARTIC PILLS left me by your agent, and have been cured by them of the dreadful Rheumatism under which I found me suffering. The first dose relieved me, and a few subsequent doses have entirely removed the disease. I feel in better health now than for some years before, which I attribute entirely to the effects of your CATHARTIC PILLS.

Yours with great respect, LUCIUS B. METCALF.

The above are all from persons who are publicly known where they reside, and who would not make those statements without a thorough conviction that they were true.

Unprincipled dealers may attempt to put you off with other pills, on which they make more profit. Be not imposed upon by any such counsellers.

Prepared by Dr. J